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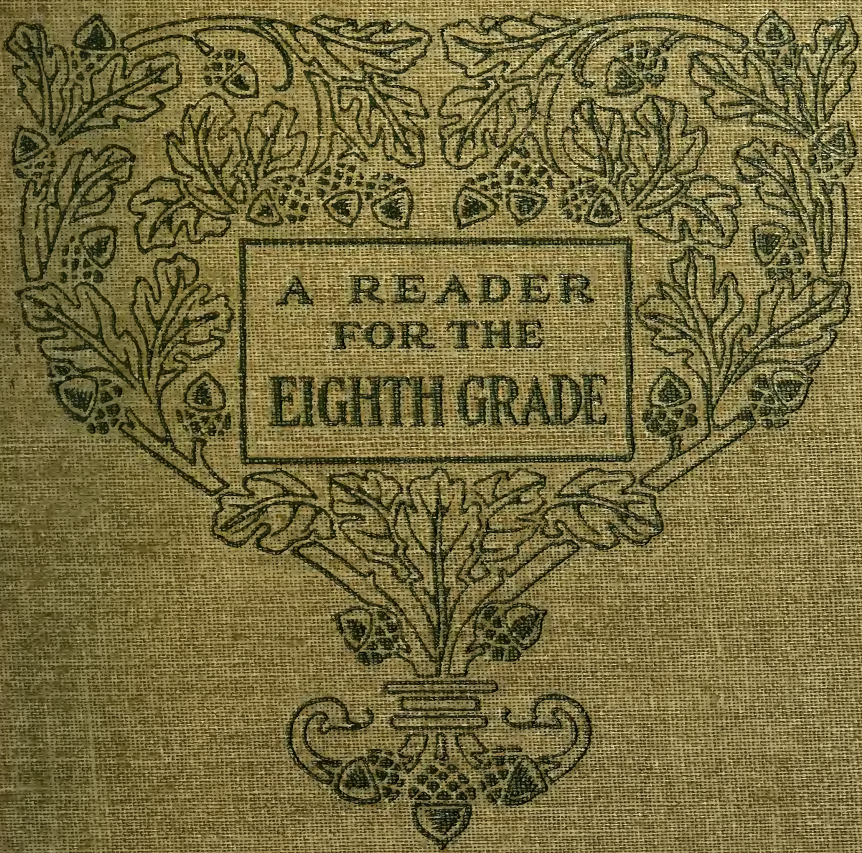

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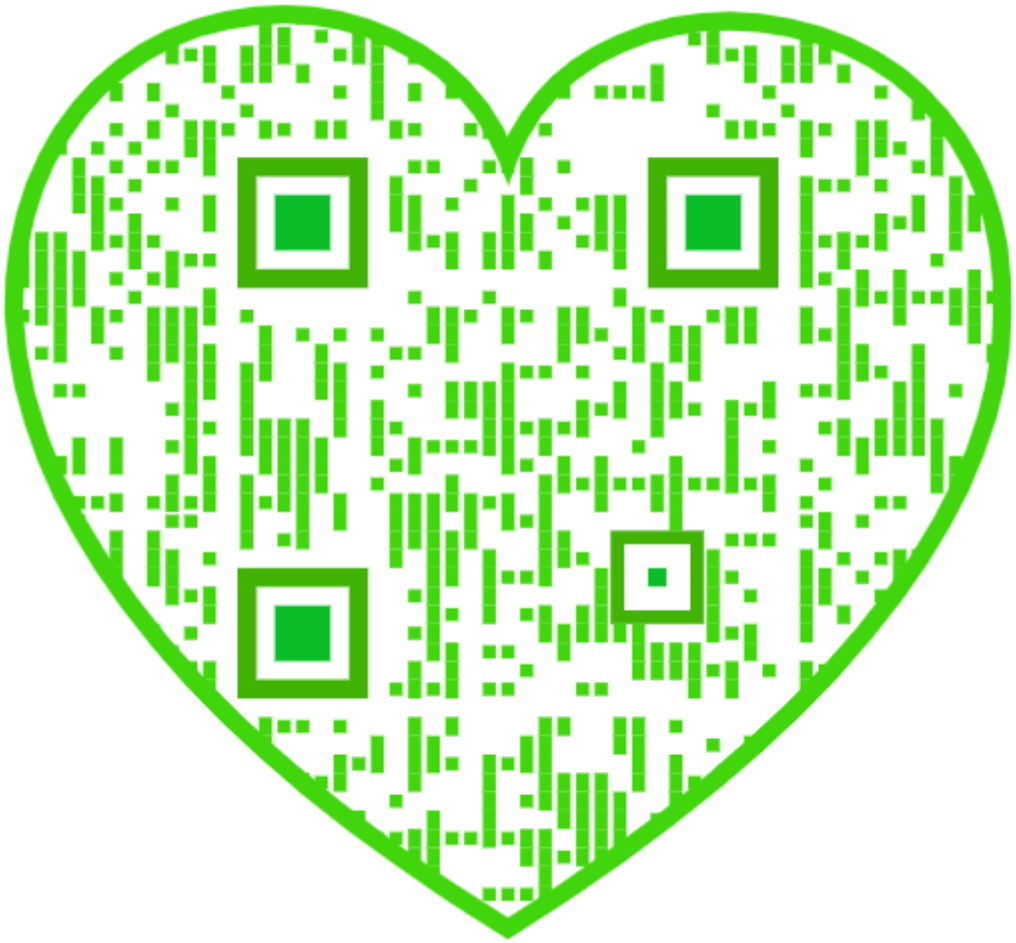

NORMAL SCHOOL

1912

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A READER
FOR THE
EIGHTH GRADE

BY

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FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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PREFACE

WHILE preparing this book, the authors have made a serious effort to maintain a certain standard of literary excellence which would, at the same time, not transcend the ability of the eighth-grade pupil. In the earlier books of this series, the student has come into frequent contact with specimens of the best writing, and the acquaintance thus formed should now become a more discriminating appreciation of the masterpieces of our language. Many of the leading English and American writers, and a few foreign authors, are represented in this book by characteristic extracts from their works. The contents include a wide range of topics, and it is safe to assert that the student who makes an intelligent study of this Reader will develop a true appreciation of the real beauties of literature. Moreover, in view of the character of the selections used, it is only reasonable to expect that this Reader should prove an adequate introduction to the more mature study of English and American literature which the High School course will afford. At the same time, literary excellence has in no case been subordinated to interest. Each selection, it is hoped, will not only satisfy those literary instincts already developed, but cultivate new tastes and broader sympathies.

In pursuance of their desire to make this Reader as valuable as possible, the authors have included, in addition to the customary explanatory notes of difficult words and phrases, "interpretative hints," which are designed to assist the pupil in gaining an intelligent understanding of the less obvious meanings and of literary and historical

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allusions. A feature which, it is believed, should enhance the interest, as well as the value of the book, is the characterization of the author preceding each selection. These passages aim to give, though necessarily within a small compass, a short biographical sketch and a brief appreciation of each author's place in literature.

For the use of copyright material in this Reader, the authors take pleasure in acknowledging their indebtedness to the following: Messrs. Little, Brown and Company for "The Death of the Dauphin," by Alphonse Daudet, from "Letters from My Mill" (Copyright, 1899, 1900, by Little, Brown and Company); Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "Plain Fishing," by Frank R. Stockton, from "Amos Kilbright"; Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Singing Leaves," by James Russell Lowell; "Centennial Hymn," by John Greenleaf Whittier; "Dislikes," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, from "The Poet at the Breakfast Table"; "The Ladder of St. Augustine," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; "The Snow Storm," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company for "The Road-Waterer," by Jerome K. Jerome, from "Three Men on Wheels"; Messrs. Doubleday Page and Company for "War," by Carl S. Schurz, from his "Reminiscences"; John Lane Company for "The Roman Road," by Kenneth Grahame, from "The Golden Age"; Thomas Y. Crowell Company for "The Good Bishop and Jean Valjean," by Victor Hugo, from "Les Miserables," translated by Isabel F. Hapgood.

The Authors.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

THE following guide to pronunciation is based upon that given in Webster's International Dictionary.

ā as in lāte
å " " delicåte
â " " câre
ă " " făt
ä " " färr
ȧ " " ask
a̤ " " fa̤ll
ạ " " whạt

ē as in fēern
ēē " " fēēt
ī " " tīme
i̇ " " i̇dea
ɪ " " pɪ̆n
ĩ " " sır
ĭ " " machĭne

ō " " tōld
o̊ " " o̊bey
ô " " lôrd
ŏ " " nŏt
o̤ " " mo̤ve

o͞o as in fo͞od
o͝o " " fo͝ot
u̇ " " u̇nite
ṳ " " rṳde

u̇ as in fu̇ll
ŭ " " cŭp
û " " tûrn
ȳ " " flȳ
y̆ " " cityy̆

ç as in çent
e̬, a sound similar to short ŭ, but shorter, and almost mute.
ɴ, the French n, similar in sound to ng.
ü, the French u, best described as a combination of o͞o and long ē.

A READER FOR THE EIGHTH GRADE

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN

By Alphonse Daudet

Alphonse Daudet is one of the most celebrated of French novelists. Born in 1840, he started his literary career as a journalist in Paris. It was with *The Nabob* that he received national recognition, and was thenceforth acknowledged to be one of the foremost French writers. He died in Paris in 1897.

Of all the novelists of his country, Daudet most closely resembles Dickens. Like Dickens, he pictures the life of the common people with great detail and perfect understanding, and there is no modern novelist who more faithfully describes the most minute feelings and impulses of men and women. In addition to possessing these gifts, Daudet is a perfect master of style and language.

The little Dauphin is ill; the little Dauphin will die. In all the churches of the kingdom the Holy Sacrament is exposed day and night, and great tapers burn for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old capital are sad and silent; the bells no longer ring; carriages are driven at a foot-pace. Around the palace anxious burghers watch, through the iron railings, the Swiss porters with gilded paunches who

are conversing in the courtyard with airs of importance.

The whole castle is a-quiver. Chamberlains, major-domos are running up and down the marble staircases. The galleries are filled with pages and courtiers in silken garments going from one group to another, asking in whispers for news. On the wide porticos ladies of honor, in despair, are dropping deep curtseys to one another and wiping their eyes with embroidered handkerchiefs.

In the Orangery is a numerous assemblage of physicians in their robes. They are seen through the sashes to shake their long black sleeves and lean their clubbed wigs doctorally to one another. The preceptor and the equerry of the little Dauphin are pacing up and down before the door awaiting the decision of the Faculty. Scullions pass them without bowing. The equerry swears like a pagan; the preceptor recites Horace. And all this while, from the stables over there, comes a plaintive neigh. 'Tis the chestnut pony of the little Dauphin, forgotten by the grooms, which is whinnying sadly before its empty manger.

And the King? Where is Monseigneur the King? The King is shut up all alone in a room at the farther end of the castle. Majesties do not like to be seen weeping. As for the Queen, that is another thing. Seated by the pillow of the little Dauphin, her beautiful face is bathed in tears, and she sobs aloud as any shopkeeper's wife might do.

Among the laces of his couch the little Dauphin,

whiter than the pillows on which he lies, is resting, his eyes closed. They think he sleeps. But no, the little Dauphin is not asleep. He turns to his mother, and seeing her tears, he says to her:

"*Madame la reine,* why do you weep? Do you really think I am going to die?"

The Queen tries to answer. Sobs prevent her from speaking.

"Do not weep, *Madame la reine;* you forget that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die in this way."

The Queen sobs more than ever, and the little Dauphin begins to be frightened.

"Hola!" he said, "I will not let Death take me; I will find a way to keep him out. Send, at once, for forty of my soldiers, the strongest men; let them mount guard around my bed. Let a hundred cannon be ready, day and night, with lighted matches, beneath my windows, and sorrow to Death if then he dare approach me!"

To please the royal child the Queen made signs. Cannon were heard to roll into the courtyard, and the forty tallest soldiers, halberds in hand, stood ranged around the room. They were all old veterans, with gray mustaches. The Dauphin clapped his hands on seeing them. One he recognized, and called to him, "Lorrain! Lorrain!"

The soldier advanced toward the bed.

"I love you, my old Lorrain. Show me your big saber. If Death comes here to take me, you must kill him—won't you?"

Lorrain replied, "Yes, Monseigneur."

But two big tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

At this moment the chaplain approached the little Dauphin, and spoke to him in a low voice, showing him a crucifix. The little Dauphin listened with a surprised air; then, suddenly interrupting the priest, he said:

"I understand very well what you are saying, *Monsieur l'abbé;* but, after all, could not my little friend Beppo die in my place if I gave him plenty of money?"

The chaplain continued to speak in a low voice, and the little Dauphin seemed more and more astonished.

When the chaplain had finished, the little Dauphin said, with a heavy sigh:

"All that you tell me is very sad, *Monsieur l'abbé,* but one thing comforts me; it is that up there, in the paradise of stars, I shall still be the Dauphin. I know that the Good God is my cousin, and He will not fail to treat me according to my rank."

Then he added, turning to his mother:

"Tell them to bring me my finest clothes, my ermine mantle, and my velvet shoes. I wish to make myself gorgeous for the angels and to enter paradise as the Dauphin should."

Again, for the third time, the chaplain leaned down to the little Dauphin and spoke to him in a low voice. Suddenly, in the middle of his discourse the royal child interrupted him angrily:

"Then to be Dauphin," he cried, "is just nothing at all!"

And—not willing to hear another word—the little Dauphin turned his face to the wall and wept bitterly.

Dauphin (dą'fĭn): title of the eldest son of the King of France, and heir to the crown.—**burg'hers**: townspeople.—**chamberlains**: officers having charge of the private chambers of monarchs.—**major-domos**: stewards.—**portico**: a covered walk at the entrance of a building.—**Orangery**: orange-house.—**clubbed**: shaped like a club.—**doc'torally**: in the manner of a doctor.—**precep'tor**: teacher, governor.—**eq'uerry**: an officer charged with the care of a prince's horses.—**Faculty**: profession—here the medical profession:—**pagan**: heathen.—**Horace**: a Latin poet.—**Monseigneur** (môn-sā-nyĕr'), my lord, a title given to those of high rank or nobility.—**Madame la reine** (rân): my lady the Queen.—**l'abbé**: the abbot.

Hints for Interpretation

1. What do you think is the most pathetic incident in the story?
2. Was it natural for the young Dauphin to think he could command Death?

PLAIN FISHING

By Frank R. Stockton

Frank R. Stockton, a popular American writer, was born in Philadelphia in 1834. He at first wrote for a Philadelphia daily paper, and later occupied important positions on prominent magazines. Many books for children came from his pen, and for a long time he was assistant editor of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*. He wrote a large number of books of the lighter and more humorous kind, and through them endeared himself greatly to a wide American public. His death occurred in 1902.

About noon I began to feel hungry, and thought it time to look up the old man, who had the lunch-basket. I walked down the bank of the brook, and some time before I reached the woods I came to a place where

it expanded to a width of about ten feet. The water here was very clear, and the motion quiet, so that I could easily see to the bottom, which did not appear to be more than a foot below the surface. Gazing into this transparent water, as I walked, I saw a large trout glide across the stream, and disappear under the grassy bank which overhung the opposite side. I instantly stopped. This was a much larger fish than any I had caught, and I determined to try for him.

I stepped back from the bank, so as to be out of sight, and put a fine grasshopper on my hook; then I lay, face downward, on the grass, and worked myself slowly forward until I could see the middle of the stream; then quietly raising my pole, I gave my grasshopper a good swing, as if he had made a wager to jump over the stream at its widest part. But as he certainly would have failed in such an ambitious endeavor, especially if he had been caught by a puff of wind, I let him come down upon the surface of the water, a little beyond the middle of the brook. Grasshoppers do not sink when they fall into the water, and so I kept this fellow upon the surface, and gently moved him along, as if, with all the conceit taken out of him by the result of his ill-considered leap, he was ignominiously endeavoring to swim to shore. As I did this, I saw the trout come out from under the bank, move slowly toward the grasshopper, and stop directly under him. Trembling with anxiety and eager expectation, I endeavored to make the movements of the insect still more natural, and, as far as I was able, I threw into him a sudden perception of his danger,

and a frenzied desire to get away. But, either the trout had had all the grasshoppers he wanted, or he was able, from long experience, to perceive the difference between a natural exhibition of emotion and a histrionic imitation of it, for he slowly turned, and, with a few slight movements of his tail, glided back under the bank. In vain did the grasshopper continue his frantic efforts to reach the shore; in vain did he occasionally become exhausted, and sink a short distance below the surface; in vain did he do everything that he knew, to show that he appreciated what a juicy and delicious morsel he was, and how he feared that the trout might yet be tempted to seize him; the fish did not come out again.

Then I withdrew my line, and moved back from the stream. I now determined to try Mr. Trout with a fly, and I took out the paper old Peter Gruse had given me. I did not know exactly what kind of winged insects were in order at this time of the year, but I was sure that yellow butterflies were not particular about just what month it was, so long as the sun shone warmly. I therefore chose that one of Peter's flies which was made of the yellowest feathers, and, removing the snood and hook from my line, I hastily attached this fly, which was provided with a hook quite suitable for my desired prize. Crouching on the grass, I again approached the brook. Gaily flitting above the glassy surface of the water, in all the fancied security of tender youth and innocence, came my yellow fly. Backward and forward over the water he gracefully flew, sometimes rising a little into the air, as if

to view the varied scenery of the woods and mountains, and then settling for a moment close to the surface, better to inspect his glittering image as it came up from below, and showing in his every movement his intense enjoyment of summer-time and life.

Out from his dark retreat now came the trout, and settling quietly at the bottom of the brook, he appeared to regard the venturesome insect with a certain interest. But he must have detected the iron-barb of vice beneath the mask of blitheful innocence, for, after a short deliberation, the trout turned and disappeared under the bank. As he slowly moved away, he seemed to be bigger than ever. I must catch that fish! Surely he would bite at something. It was quite evident that his mind was not wholly unsusceptible to emotions emanating from an awakened appetite, and I believed that if he saw exactly what he wanted, he would not neglect an opportunity of availing himself of it. But what did he want? I must certainly find out. Drawing myself back again, I took off the yellow fly, and put on another. This was a white one, with black blotches, like a big miller moth which had fallen into an ink-pot. It was surely a conspicuous creature, and as I crept forward and sent it swooping over the stream, I could not see how any trout, with a single insectivorous tooth in his head, could fail to rise to such an occasion. But this trout did not rise. He would not even come out from under his bank to look at the swiftly flitting creature. He probably could see it well enough from where he was.

But I was not to be discouraged. I put on another

fly; a green one with a red tail. It did not look like any insect that I had ever seen, but I thought that the trout might know more about such things than I. He did come out to look at it, but probably considered it a product of that modern æstheticism which sacrifices natural beauty to mediæval crudeness of color and form, and he returned without evincing any disposition to countenance this style of art.

It was evident that it would be useless to put on any other flies, for the two I had left were a good deal bedraggled, and not nearly so attractive as those I had used. Just before leaving the house that morning, Peter's son had given me a wooden match-box filled with worms for bait, which, although I did not expect to need, I put in my pocket. As a last resort I determined to try the trout with a worm. I selected the plumpest and most comely of the lot; I put a new hook on my line; I looped him about it in graceful coils, and cautiously approached the water, as before. Now a worm never attempts to wildly leap across a flowing brook, nor does he flit in thoughtless innocence through the sunny air, and over the bright transparent stream. If he happens to fall into the water, he sinks to the bottom; and if he be of a kind not subject to drowning, he generally endeavors to secrete himself under a stone, or to burrow in the soft mud. With this knowledge of his nature I gently dropped my worm upon the surface of the stream, and then allowed him slowly to sink.

Out sailed the trout from under the bank, but stopped before reaching the sinking worm. There

was a certain something in his action which seemed to indicate a disgust at the sight of such plebeian food, and a fear seized me that he might now swim off, and pay no further attention to my varied baits. Suddenly there was a ripple in the water, and I felt a pull on the line. Instantly I struck; and then there was a tug. My blood boiled through every vein and artery, and I sprang to my feet. I did not give him the bait; I did not let him run with yards of line down the brook; nor reel him in, and let him make another mad course up stream; I did not turn him over as he jumped into the air; nor endeavor, in any way, to show him that I understood those tricks, which his depraved nature prompted him to play upon the angler.

With an absolute dependence upon the strength of old Peter's tackle, I lifted the fish. Out he came from the water, which held him with a gentle suction as if unwilling to let him go, and then he whirled through the air like a meteor flecked with rosy fire, and landed on the fresh green grass a dozen feet behind me. Down on my knees I dropped before him as he tossed and rolled, his beautiful spots and colors glistening in the sun. He was truly a splendid trout, fully a foot long, round and heavy. Carefully seizing him, I easily removed the hook from the bony roof of his capacious mouth thickly set with sparkling teeth, and then I tenderly killed him, with all his pluck, as old Peter would have said, still in him.

ignomin'iously: ingloriously.—**histrion'ic**: of, or pertaining to, the stage; theatrical.—**snood**: a short line, often of horsehair, connecting a fishing line with the hook.—**unsuscep'tible**: insensible.—**em'anating**: proceeding from.—**insectiv'orous**: feeding on insects.—**æstheticism** (ĕs-

thĕt'ĭ-sĭz'm): devotion to the beautiful.—**plebe'ian**: of the common people; vulgar.—**depraved**: made worse; corrupted.

THE SINGING LEAVES

By James Russell Lowell

James Russell Lowell, who was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819, was a man of many-sided abilities, as well as of wide learning, and he was much in the public eye. For twenty years, as the successor of Longfellow, he was Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. He was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* which under his leadership became the foremost American literary magazine. But Lowell was not merely a literary man; he also ably served his country. He acted as Minister at the Court of Spain for three years, and for five years held the most important diplomatic post in the gift of the government, that of Ambassador to Great Britain, and in recognition of the universal esteem in which he was held, many foreign as well as American universities conferred their highest honorary degrees upon him. He died in 1891.

Lowell's poetry is characterized by vigor, dignity, and often beauty. His most popular poem, *The Vision of Sir Launfal,* displays a lofty elevation of thought, and an exquisite beauty of diction. His famous *Commemoration Ode* is in another strain —noble, dignified, and eloquent of the best kind of patriotism. As a prose writer, his greatest success was with the *Biglow Papers,* which with a light touch but with a sure aim, exposed many of the weaknesses of our public life. Wisdom, no less than wit, characterized all he wrote, and established his reputation not only as one of the foremost American writers, but as one of her leading citizens.

I

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flash of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves";
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The king's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
'Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart,
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

fairings: presents bought at a fair.—**Vanity Fair**: a fair held in the town of Vanity, described in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, where all worldly goods were offered for sale.—**blithesome**: gay, merry.—**shoon**: shoes.—**truesome**: truthful.—**fee**: property, possessions.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Why did the third daughter ask for the singing leaves?
2. Why could the King not secure the singing leaves at Vanity Fair?
3. Was Walter the page a citizen of Vanity Fair? Was the King?
4. Give the song of the first leaf,—the second,—the third.
5. Explain the lines:

> "My lute and I are lords of more
> Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

6. What were the "broader lands" of which Walter the page made the princess queen?

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

By Abraham Lincoln

The Second Inaugural Address was one of Lincoln's noblest utterances. It was delivered on the 4th of March, 1865, only five weeks before the close of the Civil War. The long and heavy strain of the war had told upon Lincoln, yet though, like the rest of the nation, he was weary of the struggle, he possessed the fortitude to persevere until the union was once more restored. When he faced the vast assembly at the eastern front of the capitol at the beginning of his second term, he felt that the occasion demanded something different—and greater—than the customary announcement of the policies of the government made at such times. The country was at a crisis in its history, and no one realized more clearly than Lincoln the effect of the war upon its future destiny. What weighed quite as heavily upon his already overburdened spirit, was his knowledge of the great trust reposed in him, and of his tremendous moral responsibility. And as he saw before him the thousands who were doing him reverent homage, and knew that his work was almost done, his thoughts assumed an exaltation like that of the ancient prophets. Close to

the sternest realities of life, he spoke in a language which was candid but restrained, and in which an iron determination to endure to the end was mellowed by his kindly spirit of charity.

Fellow-countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgents' agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide its effects by negotiation.

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

The prayers of both could not be answered—those of neither have been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh."

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses, which in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away.

Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

expira'tion: end.—**deprecated**: prayed against, as an evil.—**unrequit'ed**: unrewarded.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Select sentences from the address that show the strength of Lincoln's character.
2. Select others that show his sympathy with all mankind.

CENTENNIAL HYMN

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER is, in many ways, the most characteristic poet of New England. He was born in 1807, and lived to be eighty-five years old. Brought up on the soil, his love for rural life was part of his being, and he was able to interpret with a genuine sympathy the secrets of nature which he himself had penetrated. Whittier understood landscapes and country scenes in much the same way that Wordsworth did, and he felt at peace with nature in all her moods and seasons. In addition to being a poet of nature, Whittier had in him a strain of deep piety and reverence for religion, which he has expressed in some of his finest poems. Through these there breathes a profound and earnest religious fervor, the aspiration of a chaste and refined spirit. Whittier was one of the most ardent anti-slavery workers in the North, and he enlisted his great poetic resources to serve the cause he had so dear at heart, and to give expression to the feelings that burned within him.

As a genuine inspired poet, and as one whose message is ever refreshing, Whittier has no superior among the poets of this land. Living to an advanced age, his life was as noble a monument to the ideals he professed as the most perfect products of his art.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,

To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

the era done: the century just finished.—**of rended bolt and falling chain**: of liberty.—**Golden Fleece**: the fleece of the ram at Colchis of which Jason and his followers, the Argonauts, went in search.—**the new cycle**: the new age.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What was the purpose of the poem as expressed in the first stanza?
2. What prayer is uttered in the last stanza?
3. Explain the following lines:

"Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand."

"And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece
Send back its Argonauts of peace."

THE ROAD-WATERER

By JEROME K. JEROME

JEROME K. JEROME, one of the most popular of living English humorists, was born in 1859. Receiving his education in London, he was in turn a clerk, a schoolmaster, an actor, and a journalist. He established his reputation as a humorous writer with his books, *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* and *Three Men in a Boat*, which were followed by many others of a similar kind. Jerome's books are as widely read in this country as in England, and have carried good cheer to tens of thousands of homes. In later years, Jerome has written several plays, of which the most important and well-known is, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, which, under the disguise of an allegory, introduces the figure of Christ into modern life, and with much success enforces a serious moral lesson.

The beautiful wood of the Eilenriede bounds Hanover on the south and west, and here occurred a sad drama in which Harris took a prominent part.

We were riding our bicycles through this wood on a Monday afternoon in the company of many other cyclists, for it is a favorite resort with the Hanoverians on a sunny afternoon, and its shady pathways are then filled with happy, thoughtless folk. Among them rode a young and beautiful girl on a machine that was new. She was evidently a novice on the bicycle. One felt instinctively that there would come a moment when she would require help, and Harris, with his accustomed chivalry, suggested we should keep near her.

We had ridden for about two miles, when we noticed, a little ahead of us in a space where five ways met, a man with a hose, watering the roads. The pipe, supported at each joint by a pair of tiny wheels, writhed after him as he moved, suggesting a gigantic worm, from whose open neck, as the man, gripping it firmly in both hands, pointing it now this way and now that, now elevating it, now depressing it, poured a strong stream of water at the rate of about a gallon a second.

"What a much better method than ours," observed Harris enthusiastically. Harris is inclined to be chronically severe on all British institutions. "How much simpler, quicker, and more economical! You see, one man by this method can in five minutes water a stretch of road that would take us with our clumsy lumbering cart half an hour to cover."

George, who was riding behind me on the tandem, said, "Yes, and it is also a method by which with a little carelessness a man could cover a good many people in a good deal less time than they could get out of the way."

George, the opposite to Harris, is British to the core. I remember that George was quite patriotically indignant with Harris once for suggesting the introduction of the guillotine into England.

"It is so much neater," said Harris.

"I don't care if it is," said George; "I'm an Englishman; hanging is good enough for me."

"Our water-cart may have its disadvantages," continued George, "but it can only make you uncomfortable about the legs, and you can avoid it. This is the sort of machine with which a man can follow you round the corner and upstairs."

"It fascinates me to watch them," said Harris. "They are so skillful. I have seen a man from the corner of a crowded square in Strassburg cover every inch of ground, and not so much as wet an apron string. It is marvelous how they judge their distance. They will send the water up to your toes, and then bring it over your head so that it falls around your heels. They can——"

"Ease up a minute," said George.

I said, "Why?"

He said, "I am going to get off and watch the rest of this show from behind a tree. There may be great performers in this line, as Harris says; this particular artist appears to me to lack something. He has just

soused a dog, and now he's busy watering a signpost. I am going to wait till he has finished."

"Nonsense," said Harris; "he won't wet you."

"That is precisely what I am going to make sure of," answered George; saying which he jumped off, and, taking a position behind a remarkably fine elm, pulled out and commenced filling his pipe.

I did not care to take the tandem on by myself, so I stepped off and joined him, leaving the machine against a tree. Harris shouted something or other about our being a disgrace to the land that gave us birth, and rode on.

The next moment I heard a woman's cry of distress. Glancing round the stem of the tree, I perceived that it proceeded from the young and elegant lady before mentioned, whom, in our interest concerning the road-waterer, we had forgotten. She was riding her machine steadily and straightly through a drenching shower of water. She appeared to be too paralyzed either to get off or to turn her wheel aside. Every instant she was becoming wetter, while the man with the hose, who was either drunk or blind, continued to pour water upon her with utter indifference. A dozen voices yelled imprecations upon him, but he took no heed whatever.

Harris, his fatherly nature stirred to its depths, did at this point what, under the circumstances, was quite the right and proper thing to do. Had he acted throughout with the same coolness and judgment he then displayed, he would have emerged from that incident the hero of the hour, instead of, as happened,

riding away followed by insult and threat. Without a moment's hesitation he spurted at the man, sprang to the ground, and, seizing the hose by the nozzle, attempted to wrest it away.

What he ought to have done, what any man retaining his common sense would have done the moment he got his hands upon the thing, was to turn off the tap. Then he might have played football with the man, or battledore and shuttlecock, as he pleased; and the twenty or thirty people who had rushed forward to assist would have only applauded. His idea, however, as he explained to us afterwards, was to take away the hose from the man, and, for punishment, turn it upon the fool himself. The waterman's idea appeared to be the same, namely, to retain the hose as a weapon with which to soak Harris. Of course, the result was that, between them, they soused every dead and living thing within fifty yards, except themselves. One furious man, too drenched to care what more happened to him, leapt into the arena and also took a hand. The three among them proceeded to sweep the compass with that hose. They pointed it to heaven, and the water descended upon the people in the form of an equinoctial storm. They pointed it downwards, and sent the water in rushing streams that took people off their feet, or caught them about the waist line, and doubled them up.

Not one of them would loosen his grip upon the hose, not one of them thought to turn the water off. You might have concluded they were struggling with some primeval force of nature. In forty-five seconds,

as George said, who was timing it, they had swept that circus bare of every living thing except one dog, who, dripping like a water nymph, rolled over by the force of water, now on this side, now on that, still gallantly staggered again and again to its feet to bark defiance.

Men and women left their machines upon the ground, and flew into the woods. From behind every tree of importance peeped out wet angry heads.

At last there arrived upon the scene one man of sense. Braving all things, he crept to the hydrant, where still stood the iron key, and screwed it down. And then from forty trees began to creep more or less soaked beings, each one with something to say.

At first I fell to wondering whether a stretcher or a clothes basket would be the more useful for the conveyance of Harris' remains back to the hotel. I consider that George's promptness on that occasion saved Harris' life. Being dry, and therefore able to run quicker, he was there before the crowd. Harris was for explaining things, but George cut him short.

"You get on that," said George, handing him his bicycle, "and go. They don't know we belong to you, and you may trust us implicitly not to reveal the secret. We'll hang about behind, and get in their way. Ride zigzag in case they shoot."

I wish this story to be a strict record of fact, unmarred by exaggeration, and therefore I have shown my description of this incident to Harris, lest anything beyond bald narrative may have crept into it. Harris maintains it is exaggerated, but admits that

one or two people may have been "sprinkled." I have offered to turn a street hose on him at a distance of five-and-twenty yards, and take his opinion afterwards as to whether "sprinkled" is the adequate term; but he has declined the test.

Eilenriede: ī′ lĕn-rē-dĕ.— **nov'ice**: a beginner.— **chron'ically**: habitually.—**guillotine** (gĭl′ lō-tēn): a machine for beheading a person by a single stroke of a heavy ax or blade.—**impreca'tions**: curses.—**prime'val**: belonging to the earliest ages.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

By Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens, perhaps the most widely read and best loved of English novelists, was born in 1812 near Portsmouth, on the south coast of England. Because of poor and thriftless parents, who neglected his education, Dickens's childhood was unhappy and not well employed. But in spite of this, he read a good deal by himself, and when he was only twenty-four years old, began contributing serially to a magazine his *Pickwick Papers,* which had an immediate success. His novels, almost all of which are in as great demand today as they ever were, followed in quick succession. Dickens is pre-eminently the portrayer of the common people, and it is because of his thorough understanding and sympathy for the ordinary man, as well as by his inexhaustible humor, that he has endeared himself to a wide public which has never been reached by writers of perhaps greater intellectual power. Dickens died in 1870, and his nation accorded him the distinguished honor of a burial in Westminster Abbey, where repose the remains of many of England's greatest men.

Of his own books, Dickens best liked *David Copperfield,* largely because it was partly his own autobiography. As a result of his two visits to this country he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit,* which is one of his best works. Others of his books are, *A Tale of Two Cities, Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist,* and *Great Expectations.*

From the summit of a lofty hill beyond Carrara, the first view of the fertile plain in which the town of Pisa lies—with Leghorn, a purple spot in the flat distance—is enchanting. Nor is it only distance that lends enchantment to the view; for the fruitful country, and rich woods of olive-trees through which the road subsequently passes, render it delightful.

The moon was shining when we approached Pisa, and for a long time we could see, behind the wall, the Leaning Tower, all awry in the uncertain light; the shadowy original of the old pictures in school-books, setting forth "The Wonders of the World." Like most things connected in their first associations with school-books and school-times, it was too small. I felt it keenly. It was nothing like so high above the wall as I had hoped. It was another of the many deceptions practised by Mr. Harris, Bookseller, at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, London. *His* Tower was a fiction, but this was reality—and, by comparison, a short reality. Still, it looked very well, and very strange, and was quite as much out of the perpendicular as Harris had represented it to be. The quiet air of Pisa, too; the big guard-house at the gate, with only two little soldiers in it; the streets, with scarcely any show of people in them; and the Arno, flowing quaintly through the center of the town; were excellent. So, I bore no malice in my heart against Mr. Harris (remembering his good intentions), but forgave him before dinner, and went out, full of confidence, to see the Tower next morning.

I might have known better; but, somehow, I had ex-

pected to see it casting its long shadow on a public street where people came and went all day. It was a surprise to me to find it in a grave, retired place, apart from the general resort, and carpeted with smooth green turf. But, the group of buildings clustered on and about this verdant carpet; comprising the Tower, the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Church of the Campo Santo: is perhaps the most remarkable and beautiful in the whole world: and, from being clustered there together, away from the ordinary transactions and details of the town, they have a singularly venerable and impressive character. It is the architectural essence of a rich old city, with all its common life and common habitations pressed out, and filtered away.

Simond compares the Tower to the usual pictorial representations in children's books of the Tower of Babel. It is a happy simile, and conveys a better idea of the building than chapters of labored description. Nothing can exceed the grace and lightness of the structure; nothing can be more remarkable than its general appearance. In the course of the ascent to the top (which is by an easy staircase), the inclination is not very apparent; but, at the summit, it becomes so, and gives one the sensation of being in a ship that has heeled over, through the action of an ebb tide. The effect *upon the low side,* so to speak—looking over from the gallery, and seeing the shaft recede to its base —is very startling; and I saw a nervous traveler hold on to the Tower involuntarily, after glancing down, as if he had some idea of propping it up. The view within, from the ground—looking up, as through a

slanted tube—is also very curious. It certainly inclines as much as the most sanguine tourist could desire. The natural impulse of ninety-nine people out of a hundred, who were about to recline upon the grass below it to rest, and contemplate the adjacent buildings, would probably be, not to take up their position under the leaning side; it is so very much aslant.

Pisa (pē′za): on the Arno, in western Italy.—**Leghorn**: not far from Pisa, on the Mediterranean.—**baptistery**: a building usually shaped like a polygon, separate from the church, used for baptizing.—**Campo Santo** (Käm′-po sän′to): sacred field, a famous cemetery in Pisa.—**sanguine**: hopeful.

HINT FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Why was Dickens disappointed at first view of the Tower?

THE REVENGE

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON, one of England's noblest poets, was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, where his father was rector, in 1809, the year which gave the world so many famous men, including Gladstone, the great English statesman, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Lincoln. Before entering Cambridge University he was educated largely at home by his father, and thus in his youth acquired an extensive knowledge of literature, and a deep appreciation for nature. At college, he was one of a group of remarkable young men, known as "The Apostles," among whom was his dear friend Arthur Henry Hallam, whose early and untimely death inspired Tennyson's poem *In Memoriam*. His first volume of poems appeared while he was still in college, and after the temporary dearth which had existed in English poetry since Byron, Shelley and Keats, Tennyson's verse with its lyrical quality and its pure musical melody, inaugurated a new era in English literature. Some of his greatest poems are: *The Princess*, which is a tribute to his mother, *The Idylls of the King, Maud, Enoch Arden,* and *Ulysses*.

The general admiration for Tennyson as a man was as profound as the recognition awarded his poetry. Indeed, his lofty and spotless character was as refreshing in its appeal, as his melodious and uplifting verse. In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate, and lived the rest of his days full of honor, giving the world the products of his inspired and painstaking art. He was made a baron and died in 1892, being buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The historical basis of *The Revenge* is as follows: In 1591 Lord Thomas Howard led a small English fleet sent to attack the Spanish ships in the West Indies. Sir Richard Grenville was in command of one of the ships, the "Revenge." The Spanish fleet came upon them suddenly off the Azores. Howard escaped with five ships, but the sixth was delayed because Grenville waited to take his sick men aboard. When he tried to run through the Spanish fleet, his ship was becalmed. The poem relates the story.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musketeers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniards promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.
And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

Flores: one of the Azores. These names should be pronounced Flo'-rāz and A'-zo-rāz on account of the meter.—**pinnace**: a small boat sent out by a man-of-war.—**Inquisition**: a court of the Roman Catholic church for trial of unbelievers.—**Bideford** (Bĭd'-e-ford): a town in Devonshire, southern England.—**Seville** (Sĕv'il): a city in Spain.—**San Philip**: the large flagship of the Spanish fleet.—**galleon**: a sailing vessel of three or four decks.—**larboard**: the left side of the ship when one stands facing the bow.—**starboard**: the opposite of larboard.—**musketeer** (mŭs-kĕt-ēr'): soldier armed with musket.—**grisly**: frightful, horrible.—**main**: the sea.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Why was Sir Richard truly heroic, and not merely foolhardy?
2. Would it have been better for the gunner to sink the ship than for the British to surrender?

THE ROMAN ROAD

By KENNETH GRAHAME

KENNETH GRAHAME is a Scotch writer whose books have a distinct charm of their own. Though he writes in prose, he has the imagination of a poet and the contagious enthusiasm of an idealist. Probably no living writer has better understood the spirit of youth; certainly no one has interpreted it better than in *The Golden Age,* from which the following selection is taken. This book is permeated by an irrepressible joy, and portrays sympathetically and with wonderfully expressive language the dreams, the delights, the disappointments, and the incomparable happiness of childhood. Grahame makes us feel that the illusions of youth are indeed the truest part of life, and that the visions which carry us out of our petty selves are what make life worth the living.

All the roads of our neighborhood were cheerful and friendly, having each of them pleasant qualities of their own; but this one seemed different from the others in its masterful suggestion of a serious purpose, speeding you along with a strange uplifting of the

heart. The others tempted chiefly with their treasures of hedge and ditch; the rapt surprise of the first lords-and-ladies, the rustle of a field-mouse, splash of a frog; while cool noses of brother-beasts were pushed at you through gate or gap. A loiterer you had need to be, did you choose one of them,—so many were the tiny hands thrust out to detain you, from this side and that. But this other was of a sterner sort, and even in its shedding off of bank and hedgerow as it marched straight and full for the open downs it seemed to declare its contempt for adventitious trappings to catch the shallow-pated. When the sense of injustice or disappointment was heavy on me, and things were very black within, as on this particular day, the road of character was my choice for that solitary ramble when I turned my back for an afternoon on a world that had unaccountably declared itself against me.

"The Knights' Road," we children had named it, from a sort of feeling that, if from any quarter at all, it would be down this track we might some day see Lancelot and his peers come pacing on their great war-horses,—supposing that any of the stout band still survived, in nooks and unexplored places. Grown-up people sometimes spoke of it as the "Pilgrims' Way"; but I didn't know much about pilgrims,—except Walter in the Horselberg story. Him I sometimes saw, breaking with haggard eyes out of yonder copse, and calling to the pilgrims as they hurried along on their desperate march to the Holy City, where peace and pardon were awaiting them. "All roads lead to Rome," I had once heard somebody say; and I had taken the remark very

seriously, of course, and puzzled over it many days. There must have been some mistake, I concluded at last; but of one road at least I intuitively felt it to be true. And my belief was clinched by something that fell from Miss Smedley during a history lesson, about a strange road that ran right down the middle of England till it reached the coast, and then began again in France, just opposite, and so on undeviating, through city and vineyard, right from the misty Highlands to the Eternal City. Uncorroborated, any statement of Miss Smedley's usually fell on incredulous ears; but here, with the road itself in evidence, she seemed, once, in a way, to have strayed into truth.

Rome! It was fascinating to think that it lay at the other end of this white ribbon that rolled itself off from my feet over the distant downs. I was not quite so uninstructed as to imagine I could reach it that afternoon; but some day, I thought, if things went on being as unpleasant as they were now,—some day, when Aunt Eliza had gone on a visit,—we would see.

I tried to imagine what it would be like when I got there. The Coliseum I knew, of course, from a woodcut in the history-book: so to begin with I plumped that down in the middle. The rest had to be patched up from the little gray market-town where twice a year we went to have our hair cut; hence, in the result, Vespasian's amphitheater was approached by muddy little streets, wherein the Red Lion and the Blue Boar, with Somebody's Entire along their front, and "Commercial Room" on their windows; the doctor's house, of sub-

stantial red-brick; and the façade of the New Wesleyan Chapel, which we thought very fine, were the chief architectural ornaments: while the Roman populace pottered about in smocks and corduroys, twisting the tails of Roman calves and inviting each other to beer in musical Wessex. From Rome I drifted on to other cities, dimly heard of—Damascus, Brighton (Aunt Eliza's ideal), Athens, and Glasgow, whose glories the gardener sang; but there was a certain sameness in my conception of all of them: that Wesleyan chapel would keep cropping up everywhere. It was easier to go a-building among those dream-cities where no limitations were imposed, and one was sole architect, with a free hand. Down a delectable street of cloud-built palaces I was mentally pacing, when I happened upon the Artist.

He was seated at work by the roadside, at a point whence the cool large spaces of the downs, juniper-studded, swept grandly westwards. His attributes proclaimed him of the artist tribe: besides, he wore knickerbockers like myself,—a garb confined, I was aware, to boys and artists. I knew I was not to bother him with questions, nor look over his shoulder and breathe in his ear—they didn't like it, this *genus irritabile;* but there was nothing about staring in my code of instructions, the point having somehow been overlooked: so, squatting down on the grass, I devoted myself to the passionate absorbing of every detail. At the end of five minutes there was not a button on him that I could not have passed an examination in; and the wearer himself of that homespun suit was probably

less familiar with its pattern and texture than I was. Once he looked up, nodded, half held out his tobacco pouch,—mechanically, as it were,—then, returning it to his pocket, resumed his work, and I my mental photography.

After another five minutes or so had passed, he remarked, without looking my way: "Fine afternoon we're having; going far to-day?"

"No, I'm not going any farther than this," I replied; "I *was* thinking of going on to Rome, but I've put it off."

"Pleasant place, Rome," he murmured; "you'll like it." It was some minutes later that he added: "But I wouldn't go just now, if I were you,—too jolly hot."

"*You* haven't been to Rome, have you?" I inquired.

"Rather," he replied, briefly; "I live there."

This was too much, and my jaw dropped as I struggled to grasp the fact that I was sitting there talking to a fellow who lived in Rome. Speech was out of the question: besides I had other things to do. Ten solid minutes had I already spent in an examination of him as a mere stranger and artist; and now the whole thing had to be done over again, from the changed point of view. So I began afresh, at the crown of his soft hat, and worked down to his solid British shoes, this time investing everything with the new Roman halo; and at last I managed to get out: "But you don't really live there, do you?" never doubting the fact, but wanting to hear it repeated.

"Well," he said, good-naturedly overlooking the slight rudeness of my query, "I live there as much as

I live anywhere,—about half the year sometimes. I've got a sort of a shanty there. You must come and see it some day."

"But do you live anywhere else as well?" I went on, feeling the forbidden tide of questions surging up within me.

"O yes, all over the place," was his vague reply. "And I've got a diggings somewhere off Piccadilly."

"Where's that?" I inquired.

"Where's what?" said he. "Oh, Piccadilly! It's in London."

"Have you a large garden?" I asked; "and how many pigs have you got?"

"I've no garden at all," he replied sadly, "and they don't allow me to keep pigs, though I'd like to, awfully. It's very hard."

"But what do you do all day, then," I cried, "and where do you go and play, without any garden, or pigs, or things?"

"When I want to play," he said gravely, "I have to go and play in the street; but it's poor fun, I grant you. There's a goat, though, not far off, and sometimes I talk to him when I'm feeling lonely; but he's very proud."

"Goats *are* proud," I admitted. "There's one lives near here, and if you say anything to him at all, he hits you in the wind with his head. You know what it feels like when a fellow hits you in the wind?"

"I do, well," he replied, in a tone of proper melancholy, and painted on.

"And have you been to any other places," I began

again presently, "besides Rome and Piccy-what's-his-name?"

"Heaps," he said. "I'm a sort of Ulysses—seen men and cities, you know. In fact, about the only place I never got to was the Fortunate Island."

I began to like this man. He answered your questions briefly and to the point, and never tried to be funny. I felt I could be confidential with him.

"Wouldn't you like," I inquired, "to find a city without any people in it at all?"

He looked puzzled. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said he.

"I mean," I went on eagerly, "a city where you walk in at the gates, and the shops are all full of beautiful things, and the houses furnished as grand as can be, and there isn't anybody there whatever! And you go into the shops, and take anything you want—chocolates and magic-lanterns and injirubber balls—and there's nothing to pay; and you choose your own house and live there and do just as you like, and never go to bed unless you want to!"

The artist laid down his brush. "That *would* be a nice city," he said. "Better than Rome. You can't do that sort of thing in Rome,—or in Piccadilly either. But I fear it's one of the places I've never been to."

"And you'd ask your friends," I went on, warming to my subject,—"only those you really like, of course, —and they'd each have a house to themselves,—there'd be lots of houses,—and no relations at all, unless they promised they'd be pleasant; and if they weren't they'd have to go."

"So you wouldn't have any relations?" said the artist. "Well, perhaps you're right. We have tastes in common, I see."

"I'd have Harold," I said, reflectively, "and Charlotte. They'd like it awfully. The others are getting too old. Oh, and Martha—I'd have Martha, to cook and wash up and do things. You'd like Martha. She's ever so much nicer than Aunt Eliza. She's my idea of a real lady."

"Then I'm sure I should like her," he replied, heartily, "and when I come to—what do you call this city of yours? Nephelo—something, did you say?"

"I—I don't know," I replied timidly. "I'm afraid it hasn't got a name—yet."

The artist gazed out over the downs. "'The poet says, dear city of Cecrops,'" he said, softly, to himself, "'and wilt not thou say, dear city of Zeus?' That's from Marcus Aurelius," he went on, turning again to his work. "You don't know him, I suppose; you will some day."

"Who's he?" I inquired.

"Oh, just another fellow who lived in Rome," he replied, dabbing away.

"O dear!" I cried, disconsolately. "What a lot of people seem to live at Rome, and I've never even been there! But I think I'd like *my* city best."

"And so would I," he replied with unction. "But Marcus Aurelius wouldn't, you know."

"Then we won't invite him," I said, "will we?"

"*I* won't if you won't," said he. And that point being settled, we were silent for a while.

"Do you know," he said, presently, "I've met one or two fellows from time to time, who have been to a city like yours,—perhaps it was the same one. They won't talk much about it—only broken hints, now and then; but they've been there sure enough. They don't seem to care about anything in particular—and everything's the same to them, rough or smooth; and sooner or later they slip off and disappear; and you never see them again. Gone back, I suppose."

"Of course," said I. "Don't see what they ever came away for; *I* wouldn't,—to be told you've broken things when you haven't, and stopped having tea with the servants in the kitchen, and not allowed to have a dog to sleep with you. But *I've* known people, too, who've gone there."

The artist stared, but without incivility.

"Well, there's Lancelot," I went on. "The book says he died, but it never seemed to read right, somehow. He just went away, like Arthur. And Crusoe, when he got tired of wearing clothes and being respectable. And all the nice men in the stories who don't marry the Princess, 'cos only one man ever gets married in a book, you know. They'll be there!"

"And the men who never come off," he said, "who try like the rest, but get knocked out, or somehow miss,—or break down or get bowled over in the mêlée,—and get no Princess, nor even a second-class kingdom,—some of them'll be there, I hope?"

"Yes, if you like," I replied, not quite understanding him; "if they're friends of yours, we'll ask 'em, of course."

"What a time we shall have!" said the artist, reflectively; "and how shocked old Marcus Aurelius will be!"

The shadows had lengthened uncannily, a tide of golden haze was flooding the gray-green surface of the downs, and the artist began to put his traps together, preparatory to a move. I felt very low; we would have to part, it seemed, just as we were getting on so well together. Then he stood up, and he was very straight and tall, and the sunset was in his hair and beard as he stood there, high over me. He took my hand like an equal. "I've enjoyed our conversation very much," he said. "That was an interesting subject you started, and we haven't half exhausted it. We shall meet again, I hope."

"Of course we shall," I replied, surprised that there should be any doubt about it.

"In Rome perhaps?" said he.

"Yes, in Rome," I answered; "or Piccy-the-other-place, or somewhere."

"Or else," said he, "in that other city,—when we've found the way there. And I'll look out for you, and you'll sing out as soon as you see me. And we'll go down the street arm-in-arm, and into all the shops, and then I'll choose my house, and you'll choose your house, and we'll live there like princes and good fellows."

"Oh, but you'll stay in my house, won't you?" I cried; "I wouldn't ask everybody; but I'll ask *you*."

He affected to consider a moment; then "Right!" he said: "I believe you mean it, and I *will* come and stay with you. I won't go to anybody else, if they ask

me ever so much. And I'll stay quite a long time, too, and I won't be any trouble."

Upon this compact we parted, and I went downheartedly from the man who understood me, back to the house where I never could do anything right. How was it that everything seemed natural and sensible to him, which these uncles, vicars, and other grown-up men took for the merest tomfoolery? Well, he would explain this, and many another thing, when we met again. The Knights' Road! How it always brought consolation! Was he possibly one of those vanished knights I had been looking for so long? Perhaps he would be in armor next time,—why not? He would look well in armor, I thought. And I would take care to get there first, and see the sunlight flash and play on his helmet and shield, as he rode up the High Street of the Golden City.

Meantime, there only remained the finding it,—an easy matter.

down: a tract of hilly land near the sea covered with fine turf for the grazing of sheep.—**adventitious trappings**: accidental attractions, not those belonging to the road itself.—**Lancelot and his peers**: Lancelot and the other knights of King Arthur's Round Table. Lancelot was King Arthur's favorite knight.—**Walter in the Horselberg story**: Walter von der Vogelweide, the Christian knight whom Tannhäuser challenged to a contest of song at the Wartburg Castle.—**Horselberg**: Mount Venus, where Venus, goddess of love, held court and lured her victims, most of whom were Christian knights. Tannhäuser was the only one who ever came back from the enchanted mountain.—**the Holy City**: Jerusalem is usually the Holy City, here it seems Rome is meant.—**the Eternal City**: Rome: the ancients thought it would last forever.—**Coliseum**: the largest ampitheater in the world, a vast open air theater where gladiatorial combats were held. Built by Vespasian in Rome.—**Red Lion, Blue Boar**: names of inns.—**Somebody's Entire**: Entire, a name given to a kind of beer.—**façade** (fa-sád'): the front of a building.—**in musical Wessex**: in the musical dialect of

Wessex, a county in S. W. England where the boy is supposed to live.—**Damas'cus**: formerly the capital and most important city of Syria. It now belongs to the Turks.—**Brighton** (brī'ton): the most famous seaside resort of England on the English Channel.—**genus irrita'bile**: the genus or class of irritable persons.—**got a diggings**: got a place.—**Piccadilly** (pĭk a-dĭl'-ĭ): a famous street in London.—**Ulysses** (u lis'ez): a Greek hero in the Trojan war, immortalized in Homer's *Odyssey*, who wandered for many years.—**Fortunate Island**: imaginary island in the western ocean where the souls of the blessed were made happy.—**Nephelo—**: The artist is about to say Nephelococcygia (nĕf e lō kok sij i a), cuckootown-in-the-clouds: a fictitious city in the *Birds*, a play by the most famous of the Greek writers of comedy, Aristophanes (Ar-is-tof'-a-nēz).—**city of Cecrops** (sē'crops): Athens. Cecrops was the mythical founder of the city.—**city of Zeus** (zūs): Zeus was the chief of the Greek gods. Hence the expression means *city of the gods.*—**Marcus Aurelius** (mär'kus a rē'li us): Emperor of Rome 161–180 A.D., a wise and prosperous ruler. The artist's reference is to a book written by him, *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.*—**mêlée** (mā-lā'): a confused fight.

Hints for Interpretation

1. How did this particular road differ from others?
2. What effect did the artist's disclosure that he lived in Rome have upon the boy?
3. What were the boy's grievances?
4. Explain why the boy liked the artist and why the artist was attracted to the boy.
5. Explain the following expressions:

   "a road of character."

   "this white ribbon that rolled itself off from my feet over the distant downs."

   "men who never come off."

   "get bowled over in the mêlée."

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR

By William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare was born in 1564 in Stratford-on-Avon. Of the facts of his life, there is less definite knowledge than of that of almost any other eminent man of modern times. It is known that, after a youth spent in his native town, he went up to London to seek his fortune, and there, according to tradition, his first employment was to hold horses at the door of a theatre. From this humble beginning, he became successively an actor, the manager of his own theatre, and a playwright. After twenty years spent in London, during which he enriched the world's literature with some of its most enduring contributions, he returned with a comfortable fortune to Stratford, where he settled for the rest of his days, living a quiet life and doing no more writing. He died in 1616, and was buried in the Stratford church.

In his comedies, tragedies, historical dramas and poems, Shakespeare reveals a profound knowledge of man, an apparently inexhaustible learning, and a mighty creative power, which have stamped him as a world-wide genius. It is a common assertion that there is no human passion which is not experienced by some one of his characters, no emotion which he has not portrayed, no crisis in the soul which his imagination has not conceived.

Julius Cæsar has been assassinated by Cassius, Brutus, and a group of their friends. Brutus claimed that he had loved Cæsar, but that he had killed him for the good of Rome. He has just given Mark Antony, a friend of Cæsar, leave to speak to the populace.

Scene: *Rome. The Forum*

Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and a throng of citizens. Then* Antony *and others, with* Cæsar's *body.*

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace! ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
For Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse; was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters: if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

CITIZENS. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O! what would come of it.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN. They were traitors: honorable men!

CITIZENS. The will! the testament!

SECOND CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.

ANTONY. You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

CITIZENS. Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN. Descend.

(ANTONY *comes down.*)

THIRD CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

FOURTH CITIZEN. A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Room for Antony; most noble Antony.

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

CITIZENS. Stand back! room! bear back!

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii,
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors! villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! — About! — Seek! — Burn! — Fire!—Kill!—Slay! Let not a traitor live.

First Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Antony. Stay, countrymen!

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony.—Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

CITIZEN. We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho!—Hear Antony,—most noble Antony.

ANTONY. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

CITIZENS. Most true. The will! let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN. O royal Cæsar!

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho!

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

FIRST CITIZEN. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Go fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

(*Exeunt* CITIZENS *with the body.*)

ANTONY. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

interred: buried.—**Lupercal**: *Luperca'lia*, a feast celebrated by the Romans on the 15th of February.—**napkins**: handkerchiefs.—**Nervii** (nēr'-vē-ī): a tribe of warriors conquered by Cæsar.—**most unkindest**: is this a correct expression?—**dint**: power.—**vesture**: clothing.—**drachmas** (drăk'-mȧ): a silver coin worth about twenty cents, but having a much greater purchasing value than twenty cents have to-day.—**forms**: benches.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What effect does the frequent repetition of the following lines have?

"Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man!"

2. Do you think that Antony intended to read the will?
3. What does Antony's speech, after the citizens have left with the body of Cæsar, show about his motive?

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson, one of those men who with Scott, Burns, and Carlyle, have made Scotland noted in literature, was born in Edinburgh in 1850. He studied at the ancient university in that city with the idea of becoming an engineer, but, changing his mind, he became a lawyer. His literary genius, however, constrained him to write, and he pursued a heroic career which was cut short only by death. Always delicate, he roamed from place to place all over the world in search of health, and finally settled in Samoa in 1890. In this beautiful environment, Stevenson lived a life which in its spiritual and intellectual aspects was ideal, and even the acute physical suffering he endured with so much fortitude lent an added dignity and nobility to a character so deeply venerated and so universally loved. He died in this restful haven in 1894, and there he was buried.

Stevenson's writings have a charm for persons of all ages. His verses for children, his stirring tales of adventure for people who retain any of the dreams of their youth, and his delightful —and often inspiring—essays on men, books, places and things; —all these have combined to give him a unique and secure place

in English letters. Stevenson has a peculiarly brilliant style, and, because of this, almost everything he wrote has a readable quality which never seems to fade. Yet the thing that has most attracted to Stevenson a loyal and grateful following is his perennially optimistic spirit, a spirit which has known sorrow, and mastered it.

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps a-field. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana,

have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious *Montaigne,* "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighborhood, that we have escaped out of the *Bastille* of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

arcana: secrets.—**Bastille** (bȧs-tēl'): the name of a famous old French prison.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What contrast does Stevenson draw between a night "under a roof" and a night in the open?
2. What is said to happen regularly at the mysterious hour of two A. M. in the open?

ELIAS

By Count Leo Tolstoy

Leo Tolstoy,* one of the greatest writers and most remarkable personalities of the nineteenth century, was born in 1828 on his ancestral estate in Yasnaya Polyana, Russia, where he made his home for the greater part of his life. Like most of the sons of the aristocracy, he wasted his time at the university in the pursuit of pleasure, and neglected his studies. His love of adventure carried him to the Caucasus, where he entered the army, and served in the Crimean War. His experiences of war

* The name is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable.

he depicted in *Tales from Sebastopol* which first attracted attention to him as a writer, and in the much greater book *The Cossacks*. After his marriage he settled on his lands, where he passed many peaceful years with his family, and during which he sought to improve the condition of the peasants. His later life was, however, extremely stormy, chiefly because of his dissatisfaction with the social order of the world, and with the religious condition of Russia. All around him he saw injustice and ignorance, and though he himself protested passionately against all wrong, he could not do all he wished. Yet his powerful plea for the brotherhood of man gave a great impetus to the humanitarian movement all through the world. As a religious leader too, Tolstoy had a very wide influence, and insisted on the spirit, and not the form, of religion as being more important.

But, aside from his commanding personality, it is as a novelist that Tolstoy will live longest. His two greatest books, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, are among the most notable triumphs of nineteenth century fiction. He understood the human soul as few men have done. He has left behind him a great number of novels, short stories, religious and autobiographical books which have had a large circulation and influence. Tolstoy's death took place on the 20th of November, 1910.

In the Province of Oufa there lived a man named Elias. His father died a year after he had procured his son a wife, and left him a poor man. At that time Elias' property consisted only of seven mares, two cows, and twenty sheep, but now that he had become master he began to better himself. He and his wife worked hard from morning till night—rising earlier, and resting later, than any of their neighbors, and growing richer each year. For thirty-five years Elias lived this life of toil, and amassed a considerable fortune.

That fortune consisted of two hundred horses, a hundred and fifty head of cattle, and twelve hundred

sheep. He had men to look after the droves of horses and the herds of cattle and sheep, and women to milk the mares and cows and to make koumiss, butter, and cheese. Indeed, he had much of everything, and everyone in the countryside envied him his lot. People said: "Elias must be a happy man. He has everything in abundance, and has no reason to desire death." Guests came from long distances to visit him, and each and all he received and entertained with food and drink. For everyone who arrived he would have koumiss, tea, sherbet, and mutton prepared. No sooner had a guest appeared than a sheep or two would be killed, or, if the guests were many, a mare.

The children of Elias numbered two sons and a daughter, all of whom he duly married off. In the days of his poverty his sons had worked with him, and themselves tended the droves and herds; but when they became rich, they began to form bad habits, and one of them, in particular, to drink to excess. Eventually the elder of the two was killed in a brawl, and the other one (who had fallen under the thumb of an upstart wife) became disobedient to his father, and, in consequence, was turned out.

Elias turned him out, but at the same time allotted him a house and cattle, so that his own wealth became diminished in proportion.

Soon afterwards his sheep became infected with disease, and numbers of them died. Next, there came a year of drought, when no hay grew, so that many cattle were starved during the following winter. Then

thieves came and stole the best of his horses, and his property became diminished yet further. Lower and lower he sank, and his perseverance also grew less; so that, by the time he had reached his seventieth year, he had been reduced to selling his sheepskin coats, his carpets, saddles, carts, and, eventually, his last remaining cattle, and had arrived at absolute penury. Then, when he saw that he had nothing left, he and his wife went to spend their declining years among strangers. All the property now left to him consisted of the clothes on his body (a sheepskin coat, a cap, a pair of breeches, and boots) and his wife, Sham Shemagi, who was as old as himself. The son whom he had turned out had gone to a distant land, and his daughter was dead; so that there was no one left to help the old people.

A former neighbor of theirs, named Muhamedshah, felt sorry for them. He was neither rich nor poor, but lived plainly and was a respectable man. Remembering the days when he had partaken of bread and salt in the house of Elias, he felt his heart smite him, and he said:

"Come and live with me, Elias, and bring the old woman with you. In the summer you can do such work for me in the melon fields as you feel fit for, and in the winter you can tend my cattle, while Sham Shemagi can milk the mares and make koumiss. I will feed and clothe you both, and if you should need anything else you will merely have to tell me, and I will give it to you."

Elias thanked his good neighbor, and went with his

old wife to live in the service of Muhamedshah. At first it grieved them to do so, but in time they got used to it, and settled down to live there and to work as far as their strength permitted.

It suited their master to have them in his service, since the old people had been in authority themselves, and therefore knew how to do things. Moreover, they were never lazy, but worked the best they knew. Yet Muhamedshah used to feel sorry to see people formerly so high in the world now reduced to such a pass.

It happened once that some of Muhamedshah's relations came to visit him—people who lived in a distant spot—and with them a certain mullah. Muhamedshah bid Elias catch and kill a sheep; which, duly slaughtered and skinned, Elias cooked, and sent in to dinner. The guests ate of the mutton, drank tea, and passed on to koumiss. While they were sitting with their host on carpets and padded cushions as they drank cups of koumiss and conversed together, Elias happened to pass the door in the course of his duties. Muhamedshah saw him, and said to one of the guests:

"Did you see that old man who passed the door just now?"

"Yes," replied the guest; "but what of him?"

"Well, this—that his name is Elias, and that once upon a time he was our richest man about here. Perhaps you have heard of him?"

"Heard of him?" exclaimed the guest. "Yes, certainly I have, but this is the first time I have ever seen him, although his fame used to be widespread."

"Well, now the old man has nothing at all, but I keep him on as my servant, and his old wife lives with him, and milks the cows."

The guest clicked his tongue, shook his head, and evinced much surprise. Then he said: "Verily fortune is like a wheel turning. It lifts up one man, and sets down another. Does the old man grieve about his plight?"

"Who knows? He lives quietly and peaceably, and does his work well."

"Might I, then, speak to him?" inquired the guest. "I should like to ask him about his former life."

"Certainly," replied the host, and called behind the door-curtain: "Elias, come in and have some koumiss, and call your wife also."

Elias and his wife entered, and, having greeted the guests and their master, the old man said a grace and knelt down by the door, while his wife went behind the curtain where her mistress was sitting, and seated herself beside her.

Elias was offered a cup of koumiss, whereupon he wished the guests and his master good health, bowed to them, drank a little of the koumiss, and set the cup down.

"Old man," said the guest, "tell me whether it grieves you—now as you look upon us—to remember your former fortunes and your present life of misery?"

Elias smiled and answered: "If I were to speak to you of our happiness or misery you might not be-

lieve me. You should rather ask my wife. She has both a woman's heart and a woman's tongue, and will tell you the whole truth about that matter."

Then the guest called to the old woman behind the curtain: "Tell me, old woman, what you think concerning your former happiness and your present misery."

And Sham Shemagi answered from behind the curtain: "This is what I think concerning them. I lived with my husband for fifty years—seeking happiness, and never finding it; but now, although we live as servants, and this is only the second year since we were left destitute, we have found true happiness, and desire no other."

Both the guests and their host were surprised at this—the latter, indeed, so much so that he rose to his feet to draw aside the curtain and look at the old woman. There she stood—her hands folded in front of her, and a smile upon her face, as she gazed at her old husband and he smiled back at her in return. Then she went on:

"I am but telling you the truth, not jesting. For half a century we sought happiness, and never found it so long as we were rich; yet now that we have nothing—now that we have come to live among humble folk—we have found such happiness as could never be exceeded."

"Wherein, then, does your happiness lie?" asked the guest.

"In this—that so long as we were rich I and my husband never knew an hour's peace in which we could

either talk to one another, or think about our souls, or pray to God. We had too many cares for that. If guests were with us we were fully occupied in thinking how to entertain them and what to give them so that they would not scorn us. Moreover, when guests had arrived we had their servants to look to—to see that they should not compare their board and lodging with that given them elsewhere, and compare it to our disadvantage, while at the same time we had to watch that they did not consume our entire substance—an act of sin on our part. Then again, there would be constant worries lest a wolf should kill one of our foals or calves, or thieves drive off the horses. Moreover, my husband and I could never agree together. He would say that a thing must be done in *this* way, and I that it must be done in *that;* and so we would begin to quarrel, and thus commit another act of sin. The life led us only from worry to worry, from sin to sin, but never to happiness."

"But how is it now?" asked the guest.

"Now," replied the old woman, "when I and my husband rise in the morning, we always greet each other in love and harmony. We quarrel over nothing, and are anxious about nothing. Our only care is how best to serve the master. We work according to our strength, and with a good will, so that the master shall suffer no loss, but on the contrary acquire gain. Then, when we come in, we find dinner, supper, and koumiss ready for us. Whenever it is cold we have fuel to warm us and sheepskin coats to wear. Moreover, we have time to talk to one another, to

think about our souls, and to pray to God. For fifty years we sought happiness—but only now have we found it."

The guests burst out laughing, but Elias cried:

"Do not laugh, good sirs. This is no jest, but human life. Once I and my wife were gross of heart and wept because we had lost our riches, but now God has revealed unto us the truth, and we reveal it unto you again—not for our own diversion, but for your good."

To which the mullah added: "That is a wise saying, and Elias has spoken the truth—a truth which is found set down in Holy Writ."

Then the guests ceased to make merry, and became thoughtful.

koumiss (kōō′ mĭs): a fermented or distilled liquor originally made from mare's or camel's milk.—**pen'ury**: extreme poverty.—**mul·lah**: a religious and learned man.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. How did Elias and his wife amass their wealth?
2. What did they find in their poverty that they never possessed while they were rich?

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

By Robert Browning

ROBERT BROWNING was, like Tennyson, one of the most influential English poets of the latter half of the nineteenth century. He was very fortunate in his parents, and had a happy and well-spent childhood. Although he attended school, and a few lectures at University College, London, he was never a university man. He acquired his knowledge and his inspiration through European

travel, and often used to say that Italy, his chosen land, was his university. He was married in 1846, when he was thirty-four years old, to Elizabeth Barrett, a poet of exquisite charm, whose gifts he always valued above his own, though in this respect the judgment of the world hardly coincides with his own. After his marriage, which was an ideal union, he lived almost constantly in Italy, which he loved not only temperamentally, but for the æsthetic and artistic stimulation it gave him. After his wife's death he went to England to educate his son, but returned to Italy to live, and died in Venice in 1889. Westminster Abbey shelters his remains also.

Browning's poems, though more subtle and difficult to understand than Tennyson's, have a moral vigor, a robust optimism, and an august faith, which are unexcelled, some critics think, by any modern poet. Among them are *Paracelsus, Pauline, Saul, Rabbi Ben Ezra, Pippa Passes,* and *The Ring and the Book.*

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall."
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

prone: inclined, bending forward.—**flag-bird**: Napoleon's standard.—**vans**: wings.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Was the boy's devotion to his country or to his leader?
2. Contrast the distinctive characteristics of Napoleon, as revealed in the poem, with those displayed by the boy.

JOAN OF ARC

By Thomas De Quincey

Thomas De Quincey, an English writer, was born in 1785, and died in 1859. Inheriting a comfortable income from his father, he was not obliged to work for a living. He studied at Oxford, where, however, he did not take a degree. Soon after, he moved to the English lake country, in order to be near Wordsworth and Coleridge, whom he much admired. Later in life, most of his time was spent in London and Edinburgh, where his writings first appeared in the leading British reviews.

De Quincey's first great success was with *Confessions of an English Opium Eater,* his most famous book. This book describes the sensations he experienced while a victim of the opium habit, which he had acquired as a young man, but which he largely overcame later. But it is also interesting because of an imaginative gift De Quincey possessed, which clothed ordinary things with a mysterious beauty, and interpreted a world of dreams to which most of us are strangers. De Quincey was the author of many imaginative writings and critical essays which have greatly enriched English literature. He has a peculiar magnificence of expression and a certain majesty of style which make his writings an intellectual luxury. The specimen which follows is from *Joan of Arc,* one of his most successful essays, which is marked by all the brilliant characteristics of his most mature work.

What is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an

act, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word among his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of

France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by the apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace.* When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long! This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end, on every road, pouring into Rouen, as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was

for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them;* not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her.* Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her!*

The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard; was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard: and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. She read nothing, for she could not read; but she had heard others read parts of the Roman martyrology. She wept in sympathy with the sad *Misereres* of the Romish Church; she rose to heaven with the glad triumphant *Te Deums* of Rome; she drew her comfort and her vital strength from the rites of the same Church. But, next after these spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domremy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. Fairies are important, even in a statistical view: certain weeds mark poverty in the soil; fairies mark its solitude. As surely as the wolf retires before cities does the fairy sequester herself from the haunts of the licensed victualer. A village

is too much for her nervous delicacy; at most, she can tolerate a distant view of a hamlet. We may judge, therefore, by the uneasiness and extra trouble which they gave to the parson, in what strength the fairies mustered at Domremy, and, by a satisfactory consequence, how thinly sown with men and women must have been that region even in its inhabited spots. But the forests of Domremy—those were the glories of the land: for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. "Abbeys there were, and abbey windows"—"like Moorish temples of the Hindoos"—that exercised even princely power both in Lorraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness.

Joanna was a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains, but did not the less seek him in chapels and consecrated oratories.

This peasant girl was self-educated through her own natural meditativeness. If the reader turns to that divine passage in *Paradise Regained*, which Milton has put into the mouth of our Saviour when first entering the wilderness, and musing upon the tendency of those great impulses growing within himself—

> " Oh, what a multitude of thoughts at once
> Awakened in me swarm, while I consider
> What from within I feel myself, and hear
> What from without comes often to my ears,
> Ill sorting with my present state compared!
> When I was yet a child, no childish play
> To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
> Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
> What might be public good; myself I thought
> Born to that end——"

he will have some notion of the vast reveries which brooded over the heart of Joanna in early girlhood, when the wings were budding that should carry her from Orleans to Rheims; when the golden chariot was dimly revealing itself that should carry her from the Kingdom of *France Delivered* to the Eternal Kingdom.

France had become a province of England, and for the ruin of both, if such a yoke could be maintained. Dreadful pecuniary exhaustion caused the English energy to droop; and that critical opening La Pucelle used with a corresponding felicity of audacity and suddenness (that were in themselves portentous) for introducing the wedge of French native resources, for rekindling the national pride, and for planting the dauphin once more upon his feet. When Joanna appeared, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, distressed as they were, and of flying to the south of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the

issue of the war, and then beleaguered by the English with an elaborate application of engineering skill unprecedented in Europe. Entering the city after sunset on the 29th of April, she sang mass on Sunday, May 8th, for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June she fought and gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay; on the 9th of July she took Troyes by a *coup-de-main* from a mixed garrison of English and Burgundians; on the 15th of that month she carried the dauphin into Rheims; on Sunday, the 17th, she crowned him; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. All that was to be *done* she had now accomplished; what remained was —to *suffer*.

On the day when she had finished her work, she wept; for she knew that, when her *triumphal* task was done, her end must be approaching. Her aspirations pointed only to a place which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half fantastic, a broken prayer that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more. It was a natural prayer, because nature has laid a necessity upon every human heart to seek for rest and to shrink from torment. Yet again, it was a half fantastic prayer, because from childhood upward, visions that she had no power to mistrust, and the voices which sounded in her ear forever, had long since persuaded her mind that for *her*

no such prayer could be granted. · Too well she felt that her mission must be worked out to the end, and that the end was now at hand. All went wrong from this time. She herself had created the *funds* out of which the French restoration should grow; but she was not suffered to witness their development or their prosperous application. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. But she still continued to expose her person as before. Severe wounds had not taught her caution. And at length, in a sortie from Compiègne (whether through treacherous collusion on the part of her own friends is doubtful to this day), she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally surrendered to the English.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domremy, saw the fountain of Domremy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of springtime, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created,

in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered; the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died amid the tears of ten thousand enemies—died amid the drums and trumpets of armies—died amid peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Domremy (dôN rę̆-mē′): a village in the department of Vosges (vōzh), France, noted as the native place of Joan of Arc.—**Vaucouleurs** (vōkōōlâre): a city in France where Joan went to see the governor, Baudricourt, with the earnest request that he take her to Charles VII, to whom she longed to offer herself as the deliverer of the French.—**apparitor**: formerly an officer who attended magistrates and judges to execute their orders.—**en contumace** (äN koN tü-mäs′): in default, non-appearance.—**ineffably**: unutterably.—**Miserere** (mĭz ē̆-rē′ rē̆): the psalm usually appointed for penitential acts, being the fiftieth psalm in the Latin version.—**Te Deum** (tē dē′ ŭm): An ancient and celebrated Christian hymn, which forms part of the daily morning worship of the Catholic Church, and is also used on all occasions of thanksgiving.—**sequester**: withdraw, retire.—**victualler** (vĭt′ 'l-ēr): innkeeper.—**Diet**: a legislative or administrative assembly.—**matins**: morning worship.—**vespers**: evening service.—**La Pucelle** (lä pü-sĕl′): the Maid, generally used for Joan of Arc.—**portentous**: forshadowing ill, ominous.—**beleaguered**: besieged.—**coup de main**: surprise.—**sortie**: withdrawal, exit.—**Compiègne** (kôN pę̆-āN′): a town in the department of Oise, France.—**collusion**: secret coöperation for a deceitful purpose.—**baiting**: torment.—**clarion**: a kind of trumpet with a clear, shrill note.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Point out the differences between the Shepherd King and Joan of Arc.
2. Explain how Joan's environment and all the circumstances of her life strengthened her faith in her supernatural mission.
3. Why did the treatment accorded her after her triumphs over the English differ from that bestowed upon a victorious general?
4. Do you believe that Joan would have been so glorified if she had not been so unjustly put to death?
5. Try to formulate the distinguishing characteristics that make Joan of Arc so unique a figure in history.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

By Friedrich Schiller

Friedrich Schiller, one of the greatest German poets, was born in 1759, the son of a surgeon in the Army. He was forced into military service against his will, and having studied medicine, took service as a regimental surgeon. But he read widely in secret, and in the same way commenced his writings. After his first printed work, which was produced as a play, he was arrested, and ordered to write no more. But he outwitted his captors, and escaped. In 1787, he moved to Weimar, famous also as the home of Goethe, and here he produced his masterly dramas, which brought him not only national fame but universal honor. Among his most important works are *Wilhelm Tell, Maria Stuart,* and *Wallenstein,* which is his masterpiece. To atone for the hardship he had encountered in his youth, he received the affectionate and grateful recognition of the people, and was further distinguished by being raised to noble rank. His wonderful creative literary powers were abruptly ended by his untimely death in 1805. The friendship between Schiller and Goethe was one of the most inspiring episodes in the lives of both writers. Each stimulated the other, to the enrichment of the world's literature.

The following selection is taken from Scene 4 of the Prologue of Schiller's historical drama, *Joan of Arc.* These verses give Joan's farewell to her native fields as she is about to undertake what she considered her sacred mission to deliver France from the yoke of the English.

Farewell, ye mountains, and ye pastures dear,
Ye still and happy valleys, fare ye well!
No longer may Joan's footsteps linger here,
Joan bids ye now a long, a last farewell!
Ye meadows that I water'd, and each bush
Set by my hands, ne'er may your verdure fail!
Farewell, ye grots, ye springs that cooling gush!
Thou echo, blissful voice of this sweet vale,
So wont to give me back an answering strain,—
Joan must depart, and ne'er return again!

Ye haunts of all my silent joys of old,
I leave ye now behind for evermore!
Disperse, ye lambs, far o'er the trackless wold!
She now hath gone who tended you of yore!
I must away to guard *another* fold,
On yonder field of danger, stain'd with gore.
Thus am I bidden by a spirit's tone:
'Tis no vain earthly longing drives me on.

For He who erst to Moses on the height
Of Horeb, in the fiery bush came down,
And bade him stand in haughty Pharaoh's sight,—
He who made choice of Jesse's pious son,
The shepherd, as His champion in the fight,—
He who to shepherds grace hath ever shown,—
He thus address'd me from this lofty tree:
"Go hence! On earth my witness thou shalt be!

"In rugged brass, then, clothe thy members now,
In steel thy gentle bosom must be dress'd!
No mortal love thy heart must e'er allow,

With earthly passion's sinful flame possess'd.
Ne'er will the bridal wreath adorn thy brow,
No darling infant blossom on thy breast;
Yet thou with warlike honours shalt be laden,
Raising thee high above each earthly maiden.

"For when the bravest in the fight despair,
When France appears to wait her final blow,
Then thou my holy Oriflamme must bear;
And, as the ripen'd corn the reapers now,
Hew down the conqueror as he triumphs there;
His fortune's wheel thou thus wilt overthrow,
To France's hero-sons salvation bring,
Deliver Rheims once more, and crown thy king!"

The Lord hath promis'd to send down a sign:
A helmet He hath sent, it comes from *Him*,—
His sword endows mine arm with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim;
To join the battle-turmoil how I pine!
A raging tempest thrills through ev'ry limb,
The summons to the field bursts on mine ear,
My charger paws the ground, the trump rings clear.

grots: grottoes.—**the trackless wold**: the pathless forest or woods.—**another fold**: the French King and subjects.—**stain'd with gore**: stained with blood.—**Oriflamme** (ŏr'ĭ-flăm): the ancient flag of France: from two words meaning "gold" and "flame," so called because it was a flag of red silk split into many points and carried on a gilded lance.—**Rheims** (rēmz): the city where the Kings of France were crowned. Joan of Arc crowned Charles VII here in 1429.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What impelled Joan to leave her native home?
2. Why did she feel certain she would succeed in her mission?

THE SKY

By John Ruskin

John Ruskin, a modern critic of art and of life, was born in London in 1819. He inherited considerable means from his father, so never underwent the physical privations which so many other Englishmen of letters seemed to have as a natural part of their lives. He travelled extensively in Europe, and also studied at Oxford, where he graduated in 1842. The next year appeared his famous book *Modern Painters,* in which he upheld the superiority of the art of modern landscape painters, notably Turner, to the traditional masters of the old school. Another book which reached a wide public was *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

Ruskin's instincts were essentially democratic, and in his own exalted and uplifted way, he had at heart the welfare of the common people. As a result, he lavished his fortune in many charitable schemes and philanthropic enterprises.

An austere moralist, he constantly strove to enforce in his numerous writings and lectures, the truths he himself believed so completely. His style is marked by great clearness, and he is very happy in his choice of words. For a year he was Professor of Art at Oxford, but for most of his life, he lived in retired seclusion. His death took place in 1900.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky, and yet there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, working upon exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

Yet, if in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another,

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it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in the dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds where the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

All has passed unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, nor in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can be addressed only through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

insipid'ity: wanting in spirit or life.—**phenom'ena**: things apprehended by observation.—**ap'athy**: want of feeling.

DISLIKES

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial essayist and poet, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. He received a characteristic New England education, studying first at Phillips Andover Academy, and then at Harvard, where he graduated when he was twenty. He next took up the law, but finding it uncongenial, decided to change to medicine, which he studied for three years at Harvard, and two years abroad, chiefly in Paris. From 1838-1840 he was a Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College, and from 1847-1882 he taught in the Harvard Medical School. He died in Boston in 1894, the last survivor of the brilliant group of New England writers, among whom no one was better loved.

Holmes's most famous book, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,* was first published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and it immediately brought him world-wide fame. He followed this later by companion volumes, *The Professor* and *The Poet.* But he gained almost as great a reputation by his poetry, which was largely of the " occasional " order. Indeed, as a writer of poems for particular occasions, he has had no peer in American literature. In addition he published many other volumes of essays, novels, and travels, all illuminated by his unfailing wit.

I want it to be understood that I consider that a certain number of persons are at liberty to dislike me peremptorily, without showing cause, and that they give no offense whatever in so doing.

If I did not cheerfully acquiesce in this sentiment towards myself on the part of others, I should not feel at liberty to indulge my own aversions. I try to cultivate a Christian feeling to all my fellow-creatures, but inasmuch as I must also respect truth and honesty, I confess to myself a certain number of inalienable dislikes and prejudices, some of which may possibly be shared by others. Some of these are purely in-

stinctive, for others I can assign a reason. Our likes and dislikes play so important a part in the Order of Things that it is well to see on what they are founded.

There are persons I meet occasionally who are too intelligent by half for my liking. They know my thoughts beforehand, and tell me what I was going to say. Of course they are masters of all my knowledge, and a good deal besides; have read all the books I have read, and in later editions; have had all the experiences I have been through, and more too. In my private opinion every mother's son of them will lie at any time rather than confess ignorance.

I have a kind of dread, rather than hatred, of persons with a large excess of vitality; great feeders, great laughers, great story-tellers, who come sweeping over their company with a huge tidal wave of animal spirits and boisterous merriment. I have pretty good spirits myself, and enjoy a little mild pleasantry, but I am oppressed and extinguished by these great lusty, noisy creatures, and feel as if I were a mute at a funeral when they get into full blast.

I cannot get along much better with those drooping, languid people, whose vitality falls short as much as that of the others is in excess. I have not life enough for two; I wish I had. It is not very enlivening to meet a fellow-creature whose expression and accents say, "You are the hair that breaks the camel's back of my endurance, you are the last drop that makes my cup of woe run over"; persons whose heads drop on one side like those of toothless infants, whose voices

recall the tones in which our old snuffling choir used to wail out the verses of

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."

There is another style which does not captivate me. I recognize an attempt at the *grand manner* now and then, in persons who are well enough in their way, but of no particular importance, socially or otherwise. Some family tradition of wealth or distinction is apt to be at the bottom of it, and it survives all the advantages that used to set it off. I like family pride as well as my neighbors, and respect the high-born fellow-citizen whose progenitors have not worked in their shirt-sleeves for the last two generations full as much as I ought to. But *grand-père oblige;* a person with a known grandfather is too distinguished to find it necessary to put on airs. The few Royal Princes I have happened to know were very easy people to get along with, and had not half the social knee-action I have often seen in the collapsed dowagers who lifted their eyebrows at me in my earlier years.

My heart does not warm as it should do towards the persons, not intimates, who are always *too* glad to see me when we meet by accident, and discover all at once that they have a vast deal to unbosom themselves of to me.

There is one blameless person whom I cannot love and have no excuse for hating. It is the innocent fellow-creature, otherwise inoffensive to me, whom I find I have involuntarily joined on turning a corner. I suppose the Mississippi, which was flowing quietly along,

minding its own business, hates the Missouri for coming into all at once with its muddy stream. I suppose the Missouri in like manner hates the Mississippi for diluting with its limpid, but insipid current the rich reminiscences of the varied soils through which its own stream has wandered. I will not compare myself to the clear or the turbid current, but I will own that my heart sinks when I find all of a sudden I am in for a corner confluence, and I cease loving my neighbor as myself until I can get away from him.

per'emptorily: absolutely.—**inalienable**: incapable of being given up.—**progen'itor**: forefather.—**grand-père oblige**: such action is expected as would be approved by one's grandfather. This phrase is modeled on the expression *noblesse oblige*.—**dow'ager** (jer): a widow having property and rank.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Mention the various kinds of people the author dislikes.
2. Show how the comparison made to the meeting of the Mississippi and the Missouri brings out the unpleasantness of the "corner confluence" he detests.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

BY ROBERT HERRICK

ROBERT HERRICK, one of the lighter seventeenth century English poets, was born in London in 1591, and educated at Cambridge. He entered the church, but was driven from his parish by the Long Parliament in 1647, though he was given back his office upon the restoration of Charles II. During the period of his exile from his parochial office, he lived in London, where he devoted most of his time to the composition of poetry. His poems are graceful, musical, and some, like the selection here given, have a distinct lyrical quality. Although he also wrote some

religious poetry, his reputation rests chiefly upon his lyrics. Herrick died in his old living in Devonshire in 1674.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you not dressed,
Nay! not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the springtime, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

Auro'ra: dawn.—**slug-a-bed**: lazy fellow who stays in bed.—**matins**: morning prayers.—**whenas**: whereas.—**Flora**: goddess of flowers and the spring.—**orient**: bright.—**Ti'tan**: fabled giant of ancient mythology.—**tab'ernacle**: place of worship.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What old English custom does this poem celebrate?
2. Explain the last verse,—the broad application of the particular event.

BOB ACRES' DUEL

By Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was an English dramatist and statesman. He was born in Dublin in 1751 and educated at Harrow. He settled in London to earn his living as a writer, and when he was only twenty-four, his great comedy *The Rivals,* from which the following selection is taken, was produced at Covent Garden, London. After this initial success, he bought out the famous old Drury Lane Theater where his masterpiece, *The School for Scandal,* was presented. He was conspicuous for his wit, and his ability took him into Parliament, where he served in various offices with considerable distinction for over thirty years.

When his theater, from which he steadily derived a large income, was burnt down, he was arrested for debt, but later released when some of his debtors who owed him a large sum of money repaid him. When he died in 1816, he was buried with national honors in Westminster Abbey.

The two plays above mentioned are noted for the faithful picture they give of eighteenth century life and manners. Sheridan's wit and gentle satire never fail him, and, as a consequence, these two plays have as great a popularity today in intellectual circles as they did a hundred years ago.

In this scene, Bob Acres, a simple country fellow, is in love with a Miss Lydia Languish. He hears that she favors a certain Ensign Beverley, whom he has never seen, and, urged by Sir Lucius O'Trigger, an impulsive Irishman, he challenges Beverley to fight a duel to settle their respective claims to the lady's affection. He does not know that Beverley is the assumed name of his old friend, Captain Absolute.

SCENE: *King's-Mead Fields*

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *and* ACRES, *with pistols.*

ACRES. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

SIR LUCIUS. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now—I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the stage.*) There now, that is very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

ACRES. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

SIR LUCIUS. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards——

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

Sir Lucius. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Lucius. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim— (*Leveling at him.*)

Acres. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius. Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Lucius. But, there—fix yourself so—(*Placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius. Ay—they may—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they

don't mean to disappoint us—Hah!—no, faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!——

Sir Lucius. Ay.—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir Lucius. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we won't run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. What's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius. O fie!—consider your honor.

Acres. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Lucius. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking.*)

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valor should leave me!—Valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius. Your honor—your honor. Here they are.

Acres. Oh mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

SIR LUCIUS. Gentlemen, your most obedient. Hah!—what, Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

ACRES. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

ABSOLUTE. Hark'ee, Bob. Beverley's at hand.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. (*To* FAULKLAND.) So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

FAULKLAND. My weapons, sir!

ACRES. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

SIR LUCIUS. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

FAULKLAND. Not I, upon my word, sir.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

ABSOLUTE. Oh, pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

FAULKLAND. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter——

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland:—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no—Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face!—If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Absolute. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Lucius. Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity——

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute?—not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural.

Sir Lucius. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunder-

buss-hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. Well, sir?

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward—coward may be said in joke—but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls——

Sir Lucius. Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Absolute. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog—called in the country, Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

Acres. Ay—at home. But here I make no pretensions to anything in the world, and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valor, I'll live a bachelor.

Odds, Zounds: words much used formerly as exclamations.—**quietus** (kwī-ē′ tŭs): that which silence claims, rest, death.—**cantan'kerous**: perverse, ugly, malicious.—**backs and abettors**: supporters, seconds (in a duel).—**poltroon**: a base coward.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Do you think Sir Lucius O'Trigger is serious in urging Bob Acres on to fight, or does he merely wish to make fun of him?
2. What is your estimate of the character of Bob Acres?

CHRISTMAS

By Washington Irving

Washington Irving, who was the first American writer to receive foreign recognition, was born in New York City in 1783. After studying in the New York schools, he took up law, in which, however, he took very little interest. He had started writing before he was twenty, but he did not become famous until the appearance, in 1809, of his celebrated *Knickerbocker History.* Ten years later appeared *The Sketch Book,* which became as popular in England as in this country. Irving was a great traveller. As a young man, he had already taken a European trip in search of health, and after he gained his reputation he spent many years of his life abroad. As one result of a three years' stay in Spain, he wrote *The Alhambra.* For a few years he was Secretary of the United States Legation in London, and upon his return to this country the next year, he was received with national honor. Later in life, he was also Minister at Madrid for a few years, and he ended his days near Tarrytown, New York, dying in 1859. Irving's genial nature was as pleasing as his delicate wit was irresistible. He had the polished refinement and courtly distinction of a typical old English gentleman, but was none the less a representative American.

Irving's writings are marked by grace, humor and deep human sympathies. His gracious, kindly personality permeated everything he wrote, and he possessed not only a very light touch but a rare gift of imagination, which, while it enriched his characters, did not make any of them less lifelike.

Nothing in England exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps

with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more homebred, social, and joyous than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and alterations of later days. Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holiday revel, from which it had derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support, by clasping together with tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring: they dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement: they gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral,

and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year, that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times, we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of Nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence—all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreari-

ness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving-kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

fallacy: deception, mistake.—**oblit'erated**: wiped out.—**Gothic** here, a style of architecture characterized by pointed arches and steep roofs.—**verdure**: green, freshness of vegetation.—**convivial'ity**: good humor, mirth.—**pater'nal**: pertaining to a father, or received from a father.—**memen'tos**: tokens to awaken memory.—**volup'tuousness**: state of being full of delight or pleasure.—**cir'cumscribe**: bound.—**felic'ity** state of being happy.

Hints for Interpretation

1. What features of the Christmas festival were particularly attractive to Irving?
2. Do you think Christmas to-day has the same charm that it did in Irving's time? Give the reasons for your opinion.

NIL NISI BONUM

By William Makepeace Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta, India, in 1811, but received his education in the best schools of England. At Cambridge he was a member of that remarkable group of young men among whom Tennyson was a leader. He first studied law, then art in Paris, and it is rather interesting to know that Thackeray's offer to illustrate *Pickwick Papers* for Dickens was refused. Although he inherited a comfortable fortune, much of it was lost by the failure of a bank, and Thackeray had to depend upon his own exertions for a living. He accordingly settled in London, and wrote regularly for that famous comic weekly, *Punch*, and for *Fraser's Magazine*. To the latter he contributed what many regard as his greatest novel, *Vanity Fair*, which at once earned for him a secure place among the leading English novelists. Within ten years, his three other masterpieces were produced, *Pendennis, The Newcomes,* and *Henry Esmond.* Before his death in 1863, he added many other novels, and several volumes of essays and poems.

Thackeray has a gift for analyzing character which is unsurpassed in modern fiction. He discerns human failings with a keen eye, and lays bare, with a masterly art, all sham, pretense, and hypocrisy. But he appreciates none the less men whose nature is marked by simplicity and goodness, and several of his best portraits are of such characters.

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their

works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest

and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the king, diplomatized by the University, crowned, and honored and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had

fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say

how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never

obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life:—I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

Nil Nisi Bonum: nothing unless good.—**Sir Walter**: Scott.—**Lockhart**: son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. He wrote the best life of Scott.—**"two men—have just left us"**: Macaulay and Irving.—**"the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time"**: Goldsmith, a famous novelist and essayist, and Gibbon, the most famous historian of the 18th century. Irving's writings are likened to Goldsmith's; Macaulay, who wrote a History of England, is compared with Gibbon.—**the first ambassador**: Irving was the first great American writer.—**pater patriæ** (pā'ter patrī'): the father of his country.—**Southey**: an English poet of the early 19th century.—**Byron**: a famous English poet of the early 19th century.—**medalled**: presented with a medal.—**diplō'matīzed**: given a diploma. He was given the degree of LL.D. (Doctor of Laws) by Oxford University.—**intrigued**: plotted.—**paragraph-monger**: dealer in paragraphs, a newspaper reporter.—**veteran**

Chief of Letters: Scott was the oldest writer, and hence the veteran to the young writers of Thackeray's day.—**exem'plar**: example.—**Greenwich** (Grĕn'-ĭj): a town on the river Thames, near London, famous for its observatory and its hospital for seamen.—**Bellot** (Bĕ lō'): a French explorer who volunteered to go with English expeditions sent out to the Arctic regions.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What is Thackeray's estimate of Irving as a man? As a writer?
2. What traits of character did Irving possess that made him beloved wherever he went?

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. He graduated from Bowdoin College in the same class with Hawthorne, when he was immediately appointed Professor of Modern Languages at that institution. To prepare for this, however, he was allowed three years which he passed in hard study in France, Italy and Spain. A few years later, he became Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard College, where he was an inspiring teacher, and left the impress of his refined and highly cultured spirit upon a large body of men. After his resignation, Longfellow lived quietly in his Cambridge home, devoting his time to his poetry, until his death in 1882.

No poet has had a larger and more devoted public following in English speaking countries than Longfellow. Such poems as *The Village Blacksmith, Evangeline, Hiawatha, Tales of a Wayside Inn,* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish,* are part of the literary heritage of all whose mother-tongue is English. A peculiarly engaging personality added to the appeal of Longfellow's verse, which is marked by simplicity, tenderness and charm. Whatever he has written can easily be understood and appreciated by the humblest, and, what is more, is characterized by refinement. Without falling into sentimentality, Longfellow is a portrayer of honest sentiment; without being commonplace, he ennobles common virtues and dignifies the common lot.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess:

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
  But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
  The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
  That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
  Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
  Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
  As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
  With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
  A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
  As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
  To something nobler we attain.

St. Augustine: the most famous of the early saints. He lived in the third and fourth centuries.—**eminent domain**: the right belonging to the state of absolute ownership over all property.—**bastion**: a work projecting outward from the main inclosure of a fortification.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What was the ladder of St. Augustine?
2. What application has this poem to our modern existence?

THE NEW SOUTH

BY HENRY W. GRADY

HENRY W. GRADY was an American journalist and orator who was one of the leading exponents of what he himself called "The New South." Born in 1851 in Georgia, he received his education in the State University, and was thenceforth editor of *The Atlanta Constitution,* one of the leading Southern newspapers. By his contributions to magazines and occasional lectures, he interpreted to the North the difficulties and the prospects of the Southern States, and smoothed the way for a better understanding and closer union between the two sections. While still a young man, he died in 1889.

The following address was delivered on December 12, 1886, at the yearly banquet of the New England Society in New York City, and created a great sensation throughout the whole country.

A master hand has drawn for you the picture of your returning armies. You have been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours,

and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home.

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair?

Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school-house on the hill-top, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured, and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

The South has nothing for which to apologize. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain white shaft. Deep cut

into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood.

But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand, that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she withhold, save in strange courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people—which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filled his breath with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then

will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest sense when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

parōle': a promise upon one's honor to fulfill certain conditions, such as not to bear arms against one's captors, etc.—**feudal** (fū dal): referring to the organization of society by which the land is divided into large estates which are managed by many dependents. The South before the war was thus divided.—**legal stātus**: position or condition under the law.—**Athens**: a town in Georgia, the birthplace of Grady.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Describe the South after the war. What made her problem so difficult?
2. Do you think Grady's feelings for a united country would have been the same if the South had won?

HORATIUS

By Thomas Babington Macaulay

Thomas Babington Macaulay, a distinguished English historian and statesman, was born in 1800. As a child he showed indications of unusual ability, and his manhood amply fulfilled the promise of his youth. After graduating from Cambridge, he devoted himself to literature, writing poems, essays, ballads and criticisms for the magazines. His essay on Milton, which has become a classic, was what brought him national recognition. He entered Parliament in 1830, and became a leading member of the Whig Party. For several years, he was in the active India service as a member of the Supreme Council of that country, and after his return to England he once more took his place in national politics, and soon had a Cabinet position. But though he held important public offices, he devoted most of his time to writing. His ballads, *Lays of Ancient Rome,* were followed by

three volumes of essays which were serious contributions to English thought. But it was his *History of England* which brought him great fame, and this learned work, written in a most brilliant and readable style, attained an enormous success both in England and America. Universities and foreign learned societies conferred honors upon Macaulay, and his own sovereign made him a Lord. Ill health brought on by hard work caused Macaulay's sudden death in 1859. His writings are much read, even today, and his prose-writings and poems have given Macaulay an undisputed standing in literature.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north,
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

* * * * * * * *

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.

A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

* * * * * * * *

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

* * * * * * * *

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

* * * * * * * *

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.

On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?

* * * * * * * *

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

* * * * * * * *

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

* * * * * * * *

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The Rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volisinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.

"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark,
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

* * * * * * * *

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.

With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breath out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

* * * * * * * *

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:

But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

* * * * * * * *

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:

And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:

But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

* * * * * * * *

Lars Por'sena: an ally of the "false *Sextus*," who was the last Roman king of the *Tarquin* line.—**Etrus'can**: inhabitant of Etruria in northern Italy.—**champaign** (shăm-pān'): a flat open country.—**wis**: think, suppose.—**consul**: one of the chief magistrates of Rome.—**Fathers**: name given to the members of the Roman Senate.—**firmament**: sky.—**van**: the front line.—**fen**: boggy land.—**ween**: think, fancy.—**trysting day**: a day appointed for a meeting.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Why did Lars Porsena gather his forces to march on Rome?
2. What decision was reached at the council?
3. What did Horatius propose to do? Can you compare him to some other hero of ancient times?
4. Describe the experiences of the Dauntless Three.
5. What was the reward of Horatius?

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

By Daniel Webster

Daniel Webster, one of the most impressive figures in American history, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782. After graduating from Dartmouth College, he studied law, and soon acquired distinction in his profession. After serving two terms in Congress, he practised law in Boston where he established his reputation as one of the foremost advocates in the country. From this time on to his death, in 1852, Webster was almost continuously in the public eye, as Representative in Congress, Senator, Secretary of State, and several times as unsuccessful candidate for President of the United States. His failure to win this office embittered the closing years of his life, for he had coveted it eagerly.

It is as an orator that Webster will live in history. In eloquence, in force, in sheer commanding ability, no American orator has equalled him. Among his most successful orations are the Reply to Hayne, the speech on the Compromise of 1850, and the address delivered at the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, from which the following selection is taken.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And, if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, What character of the century, upon the whole, stands

out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime? and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington!

The structure now standing before us, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or a single State, but by all the families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington. In all the constituents of the one, in all the acts of the other, in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown, it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our Transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never for a moment having had sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people; growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the war of Independence, our

great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution, he is all, all our own! Washington is ours. That crowded and glorious life,

> Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
> Each pressing foremost, in the mighty throng
> Ambitious to be seen, then making room
> For greater multitudes that were to come,—

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgivings of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples;—to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!

suffrage: vote.—**unanim'ity**: the state of being of one mind, in complete agreement.—**inad'equate**: insufficient.—**constit'uents**: things which determine or construct.—**embod'iment**: representation in physical (bodily) form.—**vindica'tion**: justification against denial.—**transcend'ent**: that which surpasses.—**fer'vid**: ardent, warm.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Why was the character of Washington a truly American production?
2. What do the life and character of Washington prove?

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

By Bayard F. Taylor

Bayard F. Taylor, an American poet who lived from 1825 to 1878, is known chiefly as the best English translator of Goethe's *Faust.* In his active life, he was a journalist, a very extensive traveller, and an able diplomat, representing this country in St. Petersburg and Berlin. His journeys covered all corners of the earth, and he described his experiences in many books of travel. He also published several volumes of poems, some of which, like *The Bedouins' Song,* and the selection here given, have a distinctly lyrical quality.

O, a wonderful stream is the river Time
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the Winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the Summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf; so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that isle is the Long Ago,
  And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust,—but we loved them so!
  There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
  And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
  And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
  By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
  When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remember'd for aye be the blessed isle,
  All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
  May that greenwood of Soul be in sight!

mirage (mē-rȧzh'): an optical effect seen on the ocean or in deserts, in which an object which may not be in sight is seen reflected.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Describe in your own words the magical Isle of Long Ago.
2. Can you imagine another Isle of Long Ago that would be in every particular quite different from the one described in the poem?

WAR

By Carl S. Schurz

Carl S. Schurz, a German-American soldier, journalist, and political leader, was born in Prussia in 1829, and educated at the German university of Bonn. Becoming involved in the revolutionary movement in his country in 1849, he was forced to escape, and after serving as a newspaper correspondent in Paris and London, he came in 1852 to the United States. Appointed Minister to Spain in 1861, he resigned his post to take part in the Civil War, where he saw much service, and was promoted to high rank. He served one term as United States Senator from Missouri, and was Secretary of the Interior in President Hayes's cabinet. For four years he was also editor of the *New York Evening Post*. He died in New York in 1906.

As a writer, Schurz had a vigorous and highly effective style. He wrote excellent biographies of Lincoln and of Clay, but his most interesting book is his own *Reminiscences*. His selection on war is particularly suggestive, in view of the fact that Schurz himself was an experienced soldier.

The sayings of such a man as General Sherman on the effect of war upon the morals of the soldiers themselves may be commended to the sober contemplation of those who so glibly speak of war as a great moral agency—how war kindles in the popular heart the noblest instincts and emotions of human nature; how it lifts a people above the mean selfishness of daily life; how it stops the growth of the "vile, groveling materialism" which is so apt to develop into a dominant tendency in a long period of peace; how it turns the ambitions of men into channels of generous enthusiasm and lofty aspirations; and how it is simply a bath of fire from which human society issues cleansed of its dross of low propensities, refreshed in its best ener-

gies, and more ardent than ever in devoted pursuit of its highest ideals.

It will, indeed, not be denied that at the beginning of our Civil War there were magnificent demonstrations of enthusiastic and self-sacrificing patriotism on the part of the people, that the war itself abounds with heroic acts, and that it produced the great results of a saved and strengthened Union, the abolition of slavery, and an invigorated consciousness of national power. But it was not the war that *created* the enthusiastic and self-sacrificing patriotism of the people. That patriotism existed before the war, and would have existed without it. The war only served to give it an opportunity for demonstrative manifestation. And as to the consolidation of the Union, the abolition of slavery, and the strengthening of the national power—would these things have been of less value if they had been achieved without a war? I will not assert that under the circumstances then existing they could have been so achieved; but would it not, on the whole, have been far better for the physical as well as the moral advancement of the American people, if superior statesmanship had overcome the seeming impossibilities and found a way to achieve them without a war? Would not mankind, and especially the American people, have been the better for it? Is it really true that the war, *as such,* without the high objects for which it was made, would have "kindled in the popular heart the noblest instincts and emotions of human nature?" Did it not, by the side of the noble emotions and the self-sacrificing patriotism called into action by the high objects to be served,

also call into action, at least with a great many of those who took part in it, the brutal instincts of human nature? Did the war really lift the people above the mean selfishness of daily life and stop the dominance of the vile materialism said to grow up in long periods of peace? Did it not rather, by the side of noble desire to help the good cause, call forth a greedy craving on the part of a great many to use the needs of the government and the public distress as an opportunity for making money by sharp practices, and did not the rapid accumulation of fortunes develop during and after the war a "materialistic" tendency far worse than any we had known among us before?

Is it really true that our war turned the ambitions of our people into the channels of lofty enthusiasms and aspirations and devotion to high ideals? Has it not rather left behind it an era of absorbing greed of wealth, a marked decline of ideal aspirations, and a dangerous tendency to exploit the government for private gain—a tendency which not only ran wild in the business world, but even tainted the original idealism of the war volunteers who had freely offered their lives to the Republic in obedience to patriotic impulse, and finally were made to appear as insatiate clamorers for government pensions, of which many of them never could get enough? Have they not thus been made responsible—many of them, no doubt, unjustly—for the creation of the most monstrous pension system the world has ever known,—a system breeding fraud without end, contributing largely to the demoralization of our politics, pauperiz-

ing a multitude of otherwise decent people, and imposing upon the government an enormous financial burden, which, indeed, can now be borne, but which, if the present pension system becomes a ruling precedent, will, in case we have other wars, grow to intolerable dimensions?

In view of these undeniable facts, the eulogists of war among us will do well candidly to study the history of their own country. Such study will cure them of their romantic fancies of the moral beauties of war; as it will also correct the other notion caressed by them, that bravery on the battlefield is the highest form of human prowess and efficiency. They will learn that among a people like ours, it will be easy to find a hundred men ready to storm a hostile battery or to lead a forlorn hope, when they will meet only one with the moral courage to stand up alone against the world, for his conception of truth, right, and justice, and that while it may be a brave thing to confront one's enemies, it is a far braver thing to confront even one's friend in the defense and maintenance of truth, right, and justice. And this is not a matter of physical courage. It is the moral heroism most needed in a republic.

"**vile, groveling materialism**": exaggerated interest in bodily wants and comforts.—**eulogists** (ū' lō gists): those who praise.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Why do some people think that war is a great moral agency?
2. Show, by our Civil War, that war brings many evils to a nation.
3. What kind of courage do you think is needed most in a republic?

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

By George Gordon, Lord Byron

George Gordon Byron, a famous English poet, was born in London in 1788. Of aristocratic descent, he received his education at Harrow, one of the great English public schools, and at Cambridge. His brief life was stormy and irregular. After an unhappy marriage he left England in 1816, never to return. During his travels he visited most European countries, but lived chiefly in Italy, where he fraternized with his fellow-poets Shelley and Leigh Hunt. In 1823, his love for Greece led him to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence, and he went to that country, in pursuit of his generous impulse. Before he was able to accomplish much, he was seized with a fever, and died in 1824. His noble end served to atone partly for the excesses of his wild life, and his body was taken back to England and buried in the ancient family vault.

Byron's unquestioned poetical genius asserted itself when he was very young, and he published his first volume of verse when he was barely out of college. A hostile criticism of his early poems is said to have stung his pride, and he resolved to be a great poet, a resolution which he amply fulfilled. It was with the appearance of *Childe Harold* that Byron was acclaimed as one of the great English poets. *Manfred* and *Don Juan* are also among his finest productions. He wrote a great number of shorter poems, rich in imagery and sensuous beauty. The period of his exile from his native land seemed one of peculiar artistic stimulation, and much of his best work was done under Italian influence. All of Byron's poetry is marked by a power, a restless untamed spirit, and above all by a perfect beauty of expression no English poet has surpassed. The following selection, which is one of his most characteristic pieces, refers to a ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond the night before the battle of Waterloo, June 15, 1815.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echoes would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound, the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

squad'ron: a body of troops drawn up in a square.—**Lochiel** (lō-kēl′): the chief of the Cameron clan.—**Albyn's**: Scotland's.—**pibroch** (pē′ brŏk): air played on the bagpipe before the Highlanders when they go out into battle.—**Ardennes** (är-dĕn′, but here är′ dĕn): a forest near Brussels.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What is the effect of the sudden contrast drawn in the last line of the opening stanza to the preceding lines?
2. Compare this description with the preceding one. Which is more vivid?

A THING OF BEAUTY

By John Keats

John Keats, an English poet who, though he died when he was only twenty-six years old, has left behind him some of the most beautiful poems in the language, was born in London in 1795. His parents died while he was still a boy, and the sensitive, high-strung genius was apprenticed to a surgeon, although he disliked medicine. His nature was generous, impulsive, and warm-hearted, and in person he was athletic, brave, and rather exceptionally handsome. During a tour of the English lakes and Scotland, he contracted consumption, which caused his death.

Most of Keats's poetry was written during the four years preceding his death, and was marked by an exquisitely pure lyrical quality. Like the ancient Greeks, Keats had a highly cultivated sense of beauty, which he infused into his verse. Of his long pieces, *Endymion* is the best thing he has written; of the shorter ones, there are scores, each of which is a jewel of perfect expression. Nothing that he produced is more truly representative of his genius than the lyric which follows.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

dearth: lack, scarcity.— **boon**: gift, blessing.— **covert**: shelter.— **brake**: thicket.

THE GOOD BISHOP AND JEAN VALJEAN

By Victor Hugo

Victor Hugo, one of the foremost French authors of the nineteenth century, was distinguished as a poet, a dramatist, a novelist, and an essayist. His life spanned the greater part of the century, for he lived from 1802 to 1885, and for nearly two-thirds of a century was a leading figure in French literature. Some of his finest poetry was inspired by his country's political crises, and his ringing verse made him the object of an extraordinary popular admiration. After the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, Hugo wrote a volume of poems, *L'Année Terrible* (The Terrible Year), commemorating France's share in the war, and these poems occasioned the remark that though Germany had won the war, she had no poet to celebrate worthily her victory as Hugo had glorified France in her defeat. Hugo was appointed poet laureate of the Third French Republic, and after an old age full of international honors, died in 1885.

Hugo wrote both dramas and poems, and some of his lyrics are the finest in the French language. But he reached the largest public with his novels, of which the best are, *Notre Dame de Paris, The Toilers of the Sea, Ninety-Three,* and *Les Miserables.* This

last, which appeared in ten languages on the same day, has probably been as widely read as any other novel ever written. In its vivid presentation of the results of injustice, ignorance, poverty, and social oppression, it is one of the most powerful pleas for the brotherhood of man that has ever been made.

The following is a selection from *Les Miserables*. A few words will explain the connection: Jean Valjean, a poor peasant, the only support of his sister and her seven little children, one winter stole a loaf of bread to take home to the starving children. He was caught, and condemned to hard labor in the galleys. When he was freed, after nineteen years of confinement, he found himself everywhere looked upon with suspicion. A short time after his release, he arrived at the town of D., where he tried in vain to obtain food and lodging, although he was quite willing to pay for them. No one would take him in; everyone avoided him. Finally, a woman directed him to the house of Monsieur Bienvenu, the Bishop of D., an old man of saintly character, whose life was passed in doing good works. To the peaceful home of this gentle, kindly man came Jean Valjean, hungry, desperate and bitter against the world. He knocked at the door, which had no lock, and could be opened from the outside with a latch, and was asked to enter by the bishop.

The door opened.

It opened wide with a rapid movement, as though some one had given it an energetic and resolute push.

A man entered.

We already know the man. It was the wayfarer whom we have seen wandering about in search of shelter.

He entered, advanced a step, and halted, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his shoulders, his cudgel in his hand, a rough, audacious, weary, and violent expression in his eyes. The fire on the hearth lighted him up. He was hideous. It was a sinister apparition.

Madame Magloire had not even the strength to utter a cry. She trembled, and stood with her mouth wide open.

Mademoiselle Baptistine turned round, beheld the man entering, and half started up in terror; then, turning her head by degrees towards the fireplace again, she began to observe her brother, and her face became once more profoundly calm and serene.

The Bishop fixed a tranquil eye on the man.

As he opened his mouth, doubtless to ask the newcomer what he desired, the man rested both hands on his staff, directed his gaze in turn at the old man and the two women, and without waiting for the Bishop to speak, he said, in a loud voice:—

"See here. My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I have passed nineteen years in the galleys. I was liberated four days ago, and am on my way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon. I have travelled a dozen leagues to-day on foot. This evening, when I arrived in these parts, I went to an inn, and they turned me out, because of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the town-hall. I had to do it. I went to an inn. They said to me, 'Be off,' at both places. No one would take me. I went to the prison; the jailer would not admit me. I went into a dog's kennel; the dog bit me and chased me off, as though he had been a man. One would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields, intending to sleep in the open air, beneath the stars. There were

no stars. I thought that it was going to rain, and I re-entered the town, to seek the recess of a doorway. Yonder, in the square, I meant to sleep on a stone bench. A good woman pointed out your house to me, and said to me, 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Do you keep an inn? I have money—savings. One hundred and nine francs fifteen sous, which I earned in the galleys by my labor, in the course of nineteen years. I will pay. What is that to me? I have money. I am very weary; twelve leagues on foot; I am very hungry. Are you willing that I should remain?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "you will set another place."

The man advanced three paces, and approached the lamp which was on the table. "Stop," he resumed, as though he had not quite understood; "that's not it. Did you hear? I am a galley-slave; a convict. I come from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "Here's my passport. Yellow, as you see. This serves to expel me from every place where I go. Will you read it? I know how to read. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who choose to learn. Hold, this is what they put on this passport: 'Jean Valjean, discharged convict, native of'—that is nothing to you —'has been nineteen years in the galleys: five years for house-breaking and burglary; fourteen years for having attempted to escape on four occasions. He is a very dangerous man.' There! Everyone has cast me out. Are you willing to receive me? Is this an inn?

Will you give me something to eat and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "you will put white sheets on the bed in the alcove." We have already explained the character of the two women's obedience.

Madame Magloire retired to execute these orders.

The Bishop turned to the man.

"Sit down, sir, and warm yourself. We are going to sup in a few moments, and your bed will be prepared while you are supping."

At this point the man suddenly comprehended. The expression of his face, up to that time somber and harsh, bore the imprint of stupefaction, of doubt, of joy, and became extraordinary. He began stammering like a crazy man:—

"Really? What! You will keep me? You do not drive me forth? A convict! You call me *sir!* You do not address me as *thou?* 'Get out of here, you dog!' is what people always say to me. I felt sure that you would expel me, so I told you at once who I am. Oh, what a good woman that was who directed me hither! I am going to sup! A bed with a mattress and sheets, like the rest of the world! a bed! It is nineteen years since I have slept in a bed! You actually do not want me to go! You are good people. Besides I have money. I will pay well. Pardon me, monsieur the inn-keeper, but what is your name? I will pay anything you ask. You are a fine man. You are an inn-keeper, are you not?"

"I am," replied the Bishop, "a priest who lives here."

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, what a fine priest! Then you are not going to demand any money of me? You are the curé, are you not? the curé of this big church? Well! I am a fool, truly! I had not perceived your skull-cap."

As he spoke, he deposited his knapsack and his cudgel in a corner, replaced his passport in his pocket, and seated himself. Mademoiselle Baptistine gazed mildly at him. He continued:

"You are humane, Monsieur le Curé; you have not scorned me. A good priest is a very good thing. Then you do not require me to pay?"

"No," said the Bishop; "keep your money. How much have you? Did you not tell me one hundred and nine francs?"

"And fifteen sous," added the man.

"One hundred and nine francs fifteen sous. And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!"

The Bishop sighed deeply.

The man continued: "I have still the whole of my money. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous, which I earned by helping unload some wagons at Grasse. Since you are an abbé, I will tell you that we had a chaplain in the galleys. And one day I saw a bishop there. Monseigneur is what they call him. He was the Bishop of Majore at Marseilles. He is the curé who rules over the other curés, you under-

stand. Pardon me, I say that very badly; but it is such a far-off thing to me! You understand what we are! He said mass in the middle of the galleys, on an altar. He had a pointed thing, made of gold, on his head; it glittered in the bright light of midday. We were all ranged in lines on the three sides, with cannons with lighted matches facing us. We could not see very well. He spoke; but he was too far off, and we did not hear. That is what a bishop is like."

While he was speaking, the Bishop had gone and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

Madame Magloire returned. She brought a silver fork and spoon, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "place those things as near the fire as possible." And turning to his guest: "The night wind is harsh on the Alps. You must be cold, sir."

Each time that he uttered the word *sir*, in his voice which was so gently grave and polished, the man's face lighted up. *Monsieur* to a convict is like a glass of water to one of the shipwrecked of the *Medusa*. Ignominy thirsts for consideration.

"This lamp gives a very bad light," said the Bishop.

Madame Magloire understood him, and went to get the two silver candlesticks from the chimney-piece in Monseigneur's bed-chamber, and placed them, lighted, on the table.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the man, "you are good; you do not despise me. You receive me into your house. You light your candles for me. Yet I have

not concealed from you whence I come and that I am an unfortunate man."

The Bishop, who was sitting close to him, gently touched his hand. "You could not help telling me who you were. This is not my house; it is the house of Jesus Christ. This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer, you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome. And do not thank me; do not say that I receive you in my house. No one is at home here, except the man who needs a refuge. I say to you, who are passing by, that you are much more at home here than I am myself. Everything here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, you had one which I knew."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Really? You knew what I was called?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "you are called my brother."

"Stop, Monsieur le Curé!" exclaimed the man. "I was very hungry when I entered here; but you are so good, that I no longer know what has happened to me."

The Bishop looked at him, and said,—

"You have suffered much?"

"Oh, the red coat, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the convicts, the thrashings, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word; even sick and in bed, still the chain! Dogs, dogs are happier! Nineteen years! I am forty-six. Now, there is the yellow passport. That is what it is like."

"Yes," resumed the Bishop, "you have come from a very sad place. Listen. There will be more joy in heaven over the tear-bathed face of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred just men. If you emerge from that sad place with thoughts of hatred and of wrath against mankind, you are deserving of pity; if you emerge with thoughts of good-will and of peace, you are more worthy than any one of us."

In the meantime, Madame Magloire had served supper: soup, made with water, oil, bread, and salt; a little bacon, a bit of mutton, figs, a fresh cheese, and a large loaf of rye bread. She had, of her own accord, added to the Bishop's ordinary fare a bottle of his old Mauves wine.

The Bishop's face at once assumed that expression of gayety which is peculiar to hospitable natures. "To table!" he cried vivaciously. As was his custom when a stranger supped with him, he made the man sit on his right. Mademoiselle Baptistine, perfectly peaceable and natural, took her seat at his left.

The Bishop asked a blessing; then helped the soup himself, according to his custom. The man began to eat with avidity.

All at once the Bishop said: "It strikes me there is something missing on this table."

Madame Magloire had, in fact, only placed the three sets of forks and spoons which were absolutely necessary. Now, it was the usage of the house, when the Bishop had anyone to supper, to lay out the whole six sets of silver on the table-cloth—an innocent ostenta-

tion. This graceful semblance of luxury was a kind of child's play, which was full of charm in that gentle and severe household, which raised poverty into dignity.

Madame Magloire understood the remark, went out without saying a word, and a moment later the three sets of silver forks and spoons demanded by the Bishop were glittering upon the cloth, symmetrically arranged before the three persons seated at the table.

Now, in order to convey an idea of what passed at that table, we cannot do better than to transcribe here a passage from one of Mademoiselle Baptistine's letters to Madame Boischevron, wherein the conversation between the convict and the Bishop is described with ingenuous minuteness.

". . . This man paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. However, after supper he said:

" 'Monsieur le Curé of the good God, all this is far too good for me; but I must say that the carters who would not allow me to eat with them keep a better table than you do.'

" Between ourselves, the remark rather shocked me. My brother replied:—

" 'They are more fatigued than I.'

" 'No,' returned the man, 'they have more money. You are poor; I see that plainly. You cannot be even a curate. Are you really a curé? Ah, if the good God were but just, you certainly ought to be a curé!'

"'The good God is more than just,' said my brother.

"A moment later he added:—

"'Monsieur Jean Valjean, is it to Pontalier that you are going?'

"'With my road marked out for me.'

"I think that is what the man said. Then he went on:—

"'I must be on my way by daybreak to-morrow. Travelling is hard. If the nights are cold, the days are hot.'

"'You are going to a good country,' said my brother. 'During the Revolution my family was ruined. I took refuge in Franche-Comté at first, and there I lived for some time by the toil of my hands. My will was good. I found plenty to occupy me. One has only to choose. There are paper mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil factories, watch factories on a large scale, steel mills, copper works, twenty iron foundries at least, four of which, situated at Lods, at Châtillon, at Audincourt, and at Beure, are tolerably large.'

"I think I am not mistaken in saying that those are the names which my brother mentioned. Then he interrupted himself and addressed me:—

"'Have we not some relatives in those parts, my dear sister?'

"I replied,—

"'We did have some; among others, M. de Lucenet, who was captain of the gates at Pontarlier under the old régime.'

"'Yes,' resumed my brother; 'but in '93, one had no longer any relatives, one had only one's arms. I

worked. They have, in the country of Pontarlier, whither you are going, Monsieur Valjean, a truly patriarchal and truly charming industry, my sister. It is their cheese-dairies, which they call *fruitières*.'

"Then my brother, while urging the man to eat, explained to him, with great minuteness, what these *fruitières* of Pontarlier were; that they were divided into two classes; the *big barns*, which belong to the rich, and where there are forty or fifty cows, which produce from seven to eight thousand cheeses each summer, and the *associated fruitières*, which belong to the poor; these are the peasants of mid-mountain, who hold their cows in common, and share the proceeds. 'They engage the services of a cheese-maker, whom they call the *grurin;* the *grurin* receives the milk of the associates three times a day, and marks the quantity on a double tally. It is towards the end of April that the work of the cheese-dairies begins; it is towards the middle of June that the cheese-makers drive their cows to the mountains.'

"The man recovered his animation as he ate. My brother made him drink that good Mauves wine, which he does not drink himself, because he says that wine is expensive. My brother imparted all these details with that easy gayety of his with which you are acquainted, interspersing his words with graceful attentions to me. He recurred frequently to that comfortable trade of *grurin*, as though he wished the man to understand, without advising him directly and harshly, that this would afford him a refuge. One thing struck me. This man was what I have told you. Well, neither

during supper, nor during the entire evening, did my brother utter a single word, with the exception of a few words about Jesus when he entered, which could remind the man of what he was, nor of what my brother was. To all appearances, it was an occasion for preaching him a little sermon, and of impressing the Bishop on the convict, so that a mark of the passage might remain behind. This might have appeared to any one else who had this unfortunate man in his hands to afford a chance to nourish his soul as well as his body, and to bestow upon him some reproach, seasoned with moralizing and advice, or a little commiseration, with an exhortation to conduct himself better in the future. My brother did not even ask him from what country he came, nor what was his history. For in his history there is a fault, and my brother seemed to avoid everything which could remind him of it. To such a point did he carry it, that at one time, when my brother was speaking of the mountaineers of Pontarlier, *who exercise a gentle labor near heaven, and who,* he added, *are happy because they are innocent,* he stopped short, fearing lest in this remark there might have escaped him something which might wound the man. By dint of reflection, I think I have comprehended what was passing in my brother's heart. He was thinking, no doubt, that this man, whose name is Jean Valjean, had his misfortune only too vividly present in his mind; that the best thing was to divert him from it, and to make him believe, if only momentarily, that he was a person like any other, by treating him just in his ordinary way. Is not this, indeed, to

understand charity well? Is there not, dear Madame, something truly evangelical in this delicacy which abstains from sermon, from moralizing, from allusions? and is it not the truest pity, when a man has a sore point, not to touch it at all? It has seemed to me that this might have been my brother's private thought. In any case, what I can say is that, if he entertained all these ideas, he gave no sign of them; from beginning to end, even to me he was the same as he is every evening, and he supped with this Jean Valjean with the same air and in the same manner in which he would have supped with M. Gédéon le Prévost, or with the curate of the parish.

"Towards the end, when we had reached the figs, there came a knock at the door. It was Mother Gerbaud, with her little one in her arms. My brother kissed the child on the brow, and borrowed fifteen sous which I had about me to give to Mother Gerbaud. The man was not paying much heed to anything then. He was no longer talking, and he seemed very much fatigued. After poor old Gerbaud had taken her departure, my brother said grace; then he turned to the man and said to him, 'You must be in great need of your bed.' Madame Magloire cleared the table very promptly. I understood that we must retire, in order to allow this traveller to go to sleep, and we both went up stairs. Nevertheless, I sent Madame Magloire down a moment later, to carry to the man's bed a goat skin from the Black Forest, which was in my room. The nights are frigid, and that keeps one warm. It is a pity that this skin is old; all the hair is falling out.

My brother bought it while he was in Germany, at Tottlingen, near the sources of the Danube, as well as the little ivory-handled knife which I use at table.

"Madame Magloire returned immediately. We said our prayers in the drawing-room, where we hang up the linen, and then we each retired to our own chambers, without saying a word to each other."

After bidding his sister good night, Monseigneur Bienvenu took one of the two silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him,—

"Monsieur, I will conduct you to your room."

The man followed him.

As might have been observed from what has been said above, the house was so arranged that in order to pass into the oratory where the alcove was situated, or to get out of it, it was necessary to traverse the Bishop's bedroom.

At the moment when he was crossing this apartment, Madame Magloire was putting away the silverware in the cupboard near the head of the bed. This was her last care every evening before she went to bed.

The Bishop installed his guest in the alcove. A fresh white bed had been prepared there. The man set the candle down on a small table.

"Well," said the Bishop, "may you pass a good night. To-morrow morning, before you set out, you shall drink a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thanks, Monsieur l'Abbé," said the man.

Hardly had he pronounced these words full of peace,

when all of a sudden, and without transition, he made a strange movement, which would have frozen the two sainted women with horror, had they witnessed it. Even at this day it is difficult for us to explain what inspired him at that moment. Did he intend to convey a warning or to throw out a menace? Was he simply obeying a sort of instinctive impulse which was obscure even to himself? He turned abruptly to the old man, folded his arms, and bending upon his host a savage gaze, he exclaimed in a hoarse voice:—

"Ah! really! You lodge me in your house, close to yourself, like this?"

He broke off, and added with a laugh in which there lurked something monstrous:—

"Have you really reflected well? How do you know that I have not been an assassin?"

The Bishop replied:—

"That is the concern of the good God."

Then gravely, and moving his lips like one who is praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and bestowed his benediction on the man, who did not bow, and without turning his head or looking behind him, he returned to his bedroom.

When the alcove was in use, a large serge curtain drawn from wall to wall concealed the altar. The Bishop knelt before this curtain as he passed and said a brief prayer. A moment later he was in his garden, walking, meditating, contemplating, his heart and soul wholly absorbed in those grand and mysterious things which God shows at night to the eyes which remain open.

As for the man, he was actually so fatigued that he did not even profit by the nice white sheets. Snuffing out his candle with his nostrils after the manner of convicts, he dropped, all dressed as he was, upon the bed, where he immediately fell into a profound sleep.

Midnight struck as the Bishop returned from his garden to his apartment.

A few minutes later all were asleep in the little house.

Jean Valjean (zhäN vál zhäN′).—**galley**: a vessel propelled by oars, with or without sails.—**galley-slave**: a person condemned, often as a punishment for crime, to work at the oar on board a galley.—**Bienvenu** (byĕN-ve-nü′): Welcome.—**sinister**: indicative of lurking evil or harm.—**franc**: a silver coin current in France, Belgium, and Switzerland, equivalent to about nineteen cents.—**sou** (sōō): an old French copper coin, equivalent to the twentieth of a franc.—**passport**: permission to pass; a document given by state authorities entitling the holder to pass or travel from place to place. In European countries it is commonly used as a means of identification.—**stupefaction**: the state of being made dull, insensible, or stupid.—**thou**: In French, the singular pronoun *thou* (*tu*) is used to denote familiarity or intimacy, and is also used in addressing inferiors.—**curé** (kụ-rā′): a curate or parson.—**abbé** (ăb′ bā): abbot. In France, *abbé* is used as a title of respect to every one, whatever his rank, wearing ecclesiastical dress.—**Monseigneur** (môN-sā nyēr′): My Lord; a title in France of a person of high birth or rank.—**Medusa**: a French vessel wrecked near the African coast in 1816. Of the 149 persons on board who took refuge on a raft, only fifteen survivors were rescued after twelve days of horrible suffering, during which the castaways were reduced to eating their companions.—**ignominy**: disgrace, dishonor.—**avidity**: great eagerness.—**ostentation**: show, display.—**voracity**: greediness.—**interspersing**: inserting at intervals.—**oratory**: a place for prayer, especially for private devotions.

Hints for Interpretation

1. What was there in the convict which aroused the sympathy of the Bishop?
2. Do you think Jean Valjean's hostile attitude to the world was justified?

3. In your opinion, would Monsieur Bienvenu have done more good to Valjean if he had moralized to him about his past life instead of ignoring it altogether?
4. What impression do you imagine the Bishop's treatment made upon the convict's after-life? Do you suppose it was a lasting impression?

PERSEPHONE

By Jean Ingelow

Jean Ingelow was an English poet and novelist of lesser rank who lived from 1820 to 1897. Her life was passed in privacy, and the large public which read her writings knew little of herself. She wrote many excellent stories for children. Her novels, though well-written and interesting, are not of permanent value. It is in her poetry that she is most happy, and her poems are, if anything, more widely read in America than in England. She is at her best in descriptive lyrics, of which the finest are *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,* and *Divided.* Miss Ingelow was also the author of many very successful songs.

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
  Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
  And gamesome as the morning air.
The daffodils were fair to see,
They nodded lightly on the lea,
Persephone—Persephone!

Lo! one she marked of rarer growth
  Than orchis or anemone;
For it the maiden left them both,
  And parted from her company.
Drawn nigh she deemed it fairer still,
And stopped to gather by the rill
The daffodil, the daffodil.

What ailed the meadow that it shook
  What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wondered by the brattling brook,
  And trembled with the trembling lea.
"The coal-black horses rise—they rise:
O mother, mother!" low she cries—
Persephone—Persephone!

"O light, light, light!" she cries, "farewell;
  The coal-black horses wait for me.
O shade of shades, where I must dwell,
  Demeter, mother, far from thee!
Ah, fated doom that I fulfil!
Ah, fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil, the daffodil!"

What ails her that she comes not home?
  Demeter seeks her far and wide,
And gloomy-browed doth ceaseless roam
  From many a morn till eventide.
"My life, immortal though it be,
Is naught," she cries, "for want of thee,
Persephone, Persephone!

"Meadows of Enna, let the rain
  No longer drop to feed your rills,
Now dew refresh the fields again,
  With all their nodding daffodils!
Fade, fade, and droop, O lilied lea,
Where thou, dear heart, wert reft from me—
Persephone, Persephone!"

She reigns upon her dusky throne,
Mid shades of heroes dread to see;
Among the dead she breathes alone,
Persephone, Persephone.
Or seated on the Elysian hill
She dreams of earthly daylight still,
And murmurs of the daffodil.

A voice in Hades soundeth clear,
The shadows mourn and flit below;
It cries—"Thou Lord of Hades, hear,
And let Demeter's daughter go.
The tender corn upon the lea
Droops in her goddess gloom when she
Cries for her lost Persephone.

"From land to land she raging flies,
The green fruit falleth in her wake,
And harvest fields beneath her eyes
To earth the grain unripened shake.
Arise, and set the maiden free;
Why should the world such sorrow dree
By reason of Persephone?"

He takes the cleft pomegranate seeds;
"Love, eat with me this parting day;"
Then bids them fetch the coal-black steeds—
"Demeter's daughter, wouldst away?"
The gates of Hades set her free;
"She will return full soon," saith he—
"My wife, my wife Persephone."

Low laughs the dark king on his throne—
"I gave her of pomegranate seeds;"
Demeter's daughter stands alone
Upon the fair Eleusian meads.
Her mother meets her. "Hail!" saith she;
"And doth our daylight dazzle thee,
My love, my child Persephone?

"What moved thee, daughter, to forsake
Thy fellow-maids that fatal morn,
And give thy dark lord power to take
Thee living to his realm forlorn?"
Her lips reply without her will,
As one addressed who slumbereth still—
"The daffodil, the daffodil!"

Her eyelids droop with light oppressed,
And sunny wafts that round her stir,
Her cheek upon her mother's breast—
Demeter's kisses comfort her.
Calm Queen of Hades, art thou she
Who stepped so lightly on the lea—
Persephone, Persephone?

When in her destined course, the moon
Meets the deep shadow of this world,
And laboring on doth seem to swoon
Through awful wastes of dimness whirled—
Emerged at length, no trace hath she
Of that dark hour of destiny,
Still silvery sweet—Persephone.

The greater world may near the less,
  And draw it through her weltering shade,
But not one biding trace impress
  Of all the darkness that she made;
The greater soul that draweth thee
Hath left his shadow plain to see
On thy fair face, Persephone!

Demeter sighs, but sure 'tis well
  The wife should love her destiny;
They part, and yet, as legends tell,
  She mourns her lost Persephone;
While chant the maids of Enna still—
"O fateful flower beside the rill—
The daffodil, the daffodil."

Deme'ter: goddess of corn and tillage, mother of Persephone.—**lea**: grassy field.—**Persephone**: pēr-sĕf′ ō-nē.—**reft**: taken away.—**Ely'sian**: pertaining to *Elysium*, the abode of the blessed after death.—**Ha'des**: the lower world.—**dree**: endure.—**Eleu'sian**: pertaining to *Eleusis*, in Greece, a place where secret rites in honor of Demeter were performed.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Tell the story of the myth upon which this poem is founded.
2. Why is the daffodil so important in the poem?

THE DEATH OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

By Thomas Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle, one of the most influential British writers of the last century, was born in Scotland in 1795. Though of a poor family, he was educated at Edinburgh University, and at once embarked upon a literary career. For several years afterwards, he lived in seclusion on a small country estate, but while still a young man he settled in London, which was henceforth his home. His life was uneventful, as regards exciting incident, but it was full of noble achievement, and no one more faithfully carried out the gospel of work than did this great and powerful genius. Carlyle and Emerson were great friends, and, different as they were, each inspired the other. When he was seventy, Carlyle was made Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, an honor he gratefully accepted because of his early connection with the institution, but he refused the pension and the decoration offered him by Disraeli on behalf of Queen Victoria. He died in 1881, and was buried among his kindred at his birthplace at Ecclefechan.

Of all his books, *Sartor Resartus* is in many ways the most original and inspiring, and it was enthusiastically received. Carlyle has a forceful, remarkably vivid style which is altogether his own, something quite as unique as his rugged, towering personality. He was a fervent apostle of idealism, preaching man's superiority to circumstances, and asserting with a sublime faith that the soul is a divine power which can triumph over any earthly adversary. These ideas are expressed in all his great books, *Past and Present, Latter Day Pamphlets, Heroes and Hero Worship,* and in his masterly biographies of Cromwell and Frederick the Great. Probably in no book is there a greater manifestation of Carlyle's genius, of his profound human sympathies, and of his extraordinary appreciation of the great events of history, than in his *French Revolution,* from which the following is an extract.

On Monday, the 14th of October, 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as these old stone walls never witnessed,—the Trial of Marie Antoinette. The once

brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgment-bar, answering for her life. The Indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate. . . .

Marie Antoinette, in this her abandonment and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm; "she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano." You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist then in denial?"—"My plan is not denial; it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that." . . .

At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out,—sentence of Death! "Have you anything to say?" The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her, too, Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange

feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her mother's city, at the age of fifteen, towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had. "On the morrow," says Weber, an eye-witness, "the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared; you saw her sunk back into her carriage, her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude, to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears, but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away."

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn, discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight, gray before her time. This is the last Procession: "Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie An-

toinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc;* she was led to the place of execution in the same manner as an ordinary criminal: bound on a cart, accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress, escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her confessor. The tricolor streamers on the house-tops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past twelve, her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République.*"

Fouquier-Tinville (foo ke-ā′-tăn vēl′): a public prosecutor during the French Revolution.—**indictment** (ĭn-dīt′ ment): the formal statement of an offense, drawn up by the prosecuting authority of the state.—**laconic** (lă-kŏn′ ĭk): expressing much in few words, after the manner of the Laconians or Spartans.—**piqu'e blanc** (pē-kā′ blăn): white pique.—**Vive la République** (veev lä rā-püb-lēk′): long live the Republic.—**whilom**: formerly.—**Tuileries** (tü-ĭl-rē′): a palace in Paris.

Hints for Interpretation

1. From the above extract, should you judge that Carlyle's sympathies were with Marie Antoinette?

2. Describe, in your own words, the contrast between Marie Antoinette as a young girl and as a condemned queen about to be executed.
3. Select those passages in which the language used is particularly striking or full of meaning.

SPEECH MADE IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, 1775

By Patrick Henry

Patrick Henry, an orator and statesman of revolutionary days, was born in Virginia in 1736. He studied law, and immediately came into prominence in his profession. He had an enormous practice, and it was inevitable that a man of his ability should take a leading part in the government of the colonies. From the first, he resisted the aggressions of the British Government, and with all the eloquence and patriotism at his command, urged the Americans to defend their liberties. The address which follows is a very characteristic utterance, and is representative of many other such speeches, which were wise yet fiery. Taking a leading part in all the preliminaries of the war, he won an enviable reputation in the new republic, but though he was offered a seat in the Senate, the Secretaryship of State, and finally, the post of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he declined all these offices. He died in 1799.

As an orator, Patrick Henry was easily the greatest of his day in this country, and because of his devotion to the cause of liberty, has an honorable place in American history. His utterances were calmly reasoned and persuasive, but he had furthermore a power of moving speech and a magnetic personality which swayed his audiences with him.

Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in the great and arduous

struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purposes be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this

accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us. They can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and supplication? What terms shall we find that have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could have been done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we

have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The

war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

si'ren: according to mythology, a sea nymph who, by her sweet singing, lured mariners to destruction on the rocks. Patrick Henry was evidently referring to that particular enchantress, Circe, who first charmed men, then turned them into beasts.—**ar'duous**: difficult.—**insid'ious**: treacherous.—**subjuga'tion**: the state of being conquered.—**invi'olate**: uninjured.—**ines'timable**: above all price.—**for'midable**: exciting fear.—**supine'ly**: listlessly, heedlessly.—**exten'uate**: lessen.

Hints for Interpretation

1. What is Henry urging the people to do?
2. Why will not argument be an effective instrument to use?
3. How does Henry answer the argument that America was weak?

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL

By Robert Burns

Robert Burns, one of the best known of British poets, a native of Scotland, was born in 1759. A poor boy, he spent much of his youth upon his father's farm, and developed an attachment for the Scotch moors and highlands which he voiced exquisitely in his verse. He was one of the most natural and spontaneous of poets, and in addition to the sweet melodies in his poetry, he sang with a plaintive, wistful note which expressed the yearning of his soul for something more perfect than his own experiences yielded him. But his ungoverned spirit led him into unfortunate situations which rendered his life miserable, and limited his poetic output. For some time he lived in Edinburgh, and for several years he held nominal government positions, which his friends procured for him for the sake of the income attached to them. But in his stormy unhappy life, he could find no satisfaction, and, broken in health and spirit, he died in 1796.

His poetry was nearly always written on the spur of the moment, and so had an irresistible appeal. In all of his poems there is a deep feeling, a genuine emotion, and the ring of utter sincerity. Aside from his rare gifts as a poet, Burns felt a profound sympathy for all kinds and conditions of men, a faith which underlies his poem *A Man's A Man For A' That.* It would be superfluous to say that the man who wrote *Auld Lang Syne* is widely loved. Burns has written some of the purest and finest lyrics in the language.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibbled-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

* * * * * * *

maun: must.—**stoure**: dust.—**weet**: wet.—**wa's**: walls.—**bield**: shelter.—**histie**: barren, dry.—**stibbled**: stubbled.—**snawie**: snowy.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

By Charles Lamb

Charles Lamb was an English essayist and critic of a high order. Born in London in 1775, he missed the opportunity of a university appointment because of a defect in his speech, and from 1792 until he retired with a pension thirty-three years later, he was an accountant in the office of the East India Company. Most of his literary work was therefore done outside of his business. He was extremely devoted to his sister Mary, who had inherited insanity, but whom Lamb cared for all his life rather than put her into confinement. When she was in normal health, she was of much assistance to him in his literary labors, and together they wrote the famous *Tales from Shakespeare,* which have become an English classic. Lamb died in 1834, a noble gentle soul who had endeared himself to a wide circle of friends.

His most characteristic writings are the *Essays of Elia,* which in their subtle wit, their geniality of mood, and their excellence of style, are the finest of their kind in English. In these essays and in his intimate letters to his friends, Lamb revealed his lovable personality, his quiet humor, and his appealing pathos. His charm, his pungent wit, his pleasing manner, his engaging qualities, and his human insight make him today, as he was a century ago, one of the most readable of all essayists.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages, ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling

(which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it

resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could

think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about.

It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The Judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire.

The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt,* as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object that pretext and excuse might be found in *roast pig.*

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis,* I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum.* I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ,* the hereditary failing of the

first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble —the mild forerunner, a *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, *crackling,* as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so), so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable

animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig?—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vice, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. On my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing

of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake —and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty was I to part with her pretty present—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last —and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

Confu'cius: a great and celebrated Chinese philosopher and teacher.—**Mundane Mutations**: a title made up by Lamb; no such book existed.—**mast**: acorns.—**lubberly**: clumsy.—**antedilu'vian**: relating to the period before Noah's flood, hence very old.—**new-farrowed**: just born.—**premon'itory**: warning.—**crackling**: the outer skin done to a crisp brown.—**retrib'utory**: of or pertaining to repayment, especially in the sense of punishment;—**assize town**: small town in which periodical sessions of the judges are held.—**priv'ily**: privately, secretly.—**Locke**: a great English philosopher.—**mun'dus edib'ilis**: world of food.—**prin'ceps obsonior'um**: chief of the dainties.—**hobbydehoy**: an awkward, gawky young fellow.—**amor immundit'iæ**: love of filth.—**præludium**: prelude.—**exterior teg'ument**: outer skin.—**oleag'inous**: oily.—**quintes'sence**: the highest essence or power.—**ambro'sian**: like ambrosia, the food of the gods in Greek mythology.—**e'quably**: in a uniform or smooth manner.—**odorif'erous**: fragrant.—**ep'icure**: one devoted to the luxuries of the table.—**sa'pors**: flavors.—**provo'cative** provoking.—**villat'ic**: rural.—**extra-**

domicil'iate: this expression is explained by the phrase which follows it.—**coxcombry**: foppishness.—**insid'ious**: crafty, artful.—**ob'solete**: no longer in use.—**inten'erating**: making tender.—**dul'cifying**: making sweet.—**dul'cet**: sweet.—**hypoth'esis**: a supposition which is taken for granted.—**per flagellatio'nem extrem'am**: by whipping to death.—**barbecue** (bär' bē-kū): roast whole.—**shalots**: a vegetable akin to garlic, used for seasoning.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS

By Mary Russell Mitford

Mary Russell Mitford, an English author, was born in 1787, and died in 1855. She was a voluminous writer, producing many volumes of poems and novels, and also writing extensively for magazines and for the stage. She was not an inspired poet, but, as the following selection will show, had a dramatic instinct and a gift of virile expression. She is probably best remembered by her sketches and stories of country life, in depicting which she closely resembles Jane Austen.

Friends!
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! he sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave! Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell,—a name! Each hour, dark fraud,

Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor (*pointing to Paolo*),—
there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side;
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!

Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a King! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free!

Rienzi (rē ĕn′ zē): an Italian patriot of the 14th century, the leader of a revolution which was at first successful. He was killed in a riot at Rome, 1354.—**thraldom**: slavery, bondage.—**feudal despots**: tyrants belonging to the Middle Ages.—**rapine**: plunder.—**servile**: enslaved, meanly dependent.—**limner**: a painter, an artist.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. What instances of despotic treatment does Rienzi give?
2. Show how Rienzi's use of the two examples strengthens his appeal.

THE NECESSITY OF UPHOLDING THE CONSTITUTION

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

Looking over our whole country, comprehending in our survey the Atlantic coast, with its thick population, its advanced agriculture, its extended commerce, its manufactures and mechanic arts, its varieties of communication, its wealth, and its general improvements; and looking, then, to the interior, to the immense tracts of fresh, fertile, and cheap lands, bounded by so many lakes, and watered by so many magnificent rivers, let me ask if such a map was ever before presented to the eye of any statesman, as the theater for the exercise of his wisdom and patriotism? And let me ask, too, if any man is fit to act a part, on such a theater, who

does not comprehend the whole of it within the scope of his policy, and embrace it all as his country?

Again, Gentlemen, we are one in respect to the glorious Constitution under which we live. We are all united in the great brotherhood of American liberty. Descending from the same ancestors, bred in the same school, taught in infancy to imbibe the same general political sentiments, Americans all, by birth, education, and principle, what but a narrow mind, or woful ignorance, or besotted selfishness, or prejudice ten times blinded, can lead any of us to regard the citizens of any part of the country as strangers and aliens?

The solemn truth, moreover, is before us, that a common political fate attends us all.

Under the present Constitution, wisely and conscientiously administered, all are safe, happy, and renowned. The measure of our country's fame may fill all our breasts. It is fame enough for us all to partake in her glory, if we will carry her character onward to its true destiny. But if the system is broken, its fragments must fall alike on all. Not only the cause of American liberty, but the grand cause of liberty throughout the whole earth, depends, in a great measure, on upholding the Constitution and Union of these States. If shattered and destroyed, no matter by what cause, the peculiar and cherished idea of United American Liberty will be no more forever. There may be free States, it is possible, when there shall be separate States. There may be many loose, and feeble, and hostile confederacies, where there is now one great and united confederacy. But the noble idea of United

American Liberty, of our liberty, such as our fathers established it, will be extinguished forever. Fragments and shattered columns of the edifice may be found remaining; and melancholy and mournful ruins will they be. The august temple itself will be prostrate in the dust. Gentlemen, the citizens of this republic cannot sever their fortunes. A common fate awaits us. In the honor of upholding, or in the disgrace of undermining the Constitution, we shall all necessarily partake. Let us then stand by the Constitution as it is, and by our country as it is, one, united, and entire; let it be a truth engraven on our hearts, let it be borne on the flag under which we rally, in every exigency, that we have one country, one constitution, one destiny.

besotted: stupefied.—**august'**: stately, dignified.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Does the contrast Webster draws between the Atlantic coast and the interior hold good to-day? Briefly compare the two.
2. What are the bonds of union between all Americans mentioned by Webster? Which is more important?
3. According to Webster, what besides American liberty depends on upholding the Constitution?

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By Thomas Gray

Thomas Gray, the most learned of English poets since Milton, and the author of the famous *Elegy,* was born in London in 1716. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge, and for several years enjoyed the advantages of European travel. Though he took a degree in law, mainly to please his mother, he could not repress his natural inclinations, and, assisted in his design by a small fortune inherited from his father, he devoted his life to study. Most of his life he lived in Cambridge, where he acquired a vast fund of classical learning. Chiefly because of the *Elegy,* which had won its way to the popular heart, Gray was offered the laureateship of England, but declined the honor. In further recognition of his ability, he was appointed professor of history and modern languages at Cambridge, but never lectured. He died in 1771, and was buried beside his mother, to whom he was always devotedly attached, in the quaint village of Stoke Poges.

Gray wrote other poetry besides the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,* but this pastoral poem is what is always associated with him. It is one of the best-loved of all English poems, and reveals a spirit deeply sensitive to natural beauty. There is throughout the poem a spirit of gentle melancholy which lends an indescribable dignity to a finely drawn picture. No poem in English is more frequently memorized, for there are few poems where lofty sentiment is so nobly expressed.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destinies obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn."

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

glebe: ground.—**impute**: assign.—**preg'nant**: full of promise.—**Hampden**: an English statesman.—**Milton**: the great English poet.—**Cromwell**: leader of the army that dethroned Charles I, and made England a Commonwealth.—**tenor**: course.—**elegy**: poem of lamentation.—**custom'd**: familiar.

HINTS FOR INTERPRETATION

1. In whose memory is this poem written?
2. Explain the expressions: "storied urn"; "animated bust."
3. Explain the epitaph at the end of the poem.

THE CHARACTER OF THE SEA

By Joseph Conrad

Joseph Conrad, an English novelist, was born in Poland in 1856. What is remarkable about him is that, although he has a style which compares favorably with that of any living writer, he did not learn English until he was twenty. He has had a very adventurous career and his schooling was obtained upon the seas. From a sailor, he became a writer, and is known as one of the best of living novelists. He is noted for his wonderfully vivid descriptions of the sea, and of strange and distant scenes. Another of his great talents is in tracing the effects of tropical surroundings upon Europeans, and the influence of Asiatics upon the sailors and traders who come into contact with them.

The love that is given to ships is profoundly different from the love men feel for every other work of their hands—the love they bear to their houses, for instance, —because it is untainted by the pride of possession.

The pride of skill, the pride of responsibility, the pride of endurance there may be, but otherwise it is a disinterested sentiment. No seaman ever cherished a ship, even if she belonged to him, merely because of the profit she put in his pocket. No one, I think, ever did: for a shipowner, even of the best, has been always outside the pale of that sentiment; embracing in a feeling of intimate, equal fellowship the ship and the man backing each other against the implacable, if sometimes dissembled, hostility of their world of waters.

The sea—this truth must be confessed—has no generosity. No display of manly qualities—courage, hardihood, endurance, faithfulness—has ever been known to touch its irresponsible consciousness of power. The ocean has the conscienceless temper of a savage autocrat spoiled by much adulation. He cannot brook the slightest appearance of defiance, and has remained the irreconcilable enemy of ships and men ever since ships and men had the unheard-of audacity to go afloat together in the face of his frown. From that day he has gone on swallowing up fleets and men without his resentment being glutted by the number of victims, by so many wrecked ships and wrecked lives. To-day, as ever, he is ready to beguile and betray, to smash and to drown the incorrigible optimism of men who, backed by the fidelity of ships, are trying to wrest from him the fortune of their house, the dominion of their world, or only a dole of food for their hunger. If not always in the hot mood to smash, he is always stealthily ready for a drowning. The only amazing wonder of the deep is its unfathomable cruelty.

I felt its dread for the first time in mid-Atlantic one day, many years ago, when we took off the crew of a Danish brig homeward bound from the West Indies. A thin silvery mist softened the calm and majestic splendor of light without shadows, seemed to render the sky less remote and the ocean less immense. It was one of those days when the light of the sea appears, indeed, lovable, like the nature of a strong man in moments of quiet intimacy. At sunrise we had made out a black speck to the westward, apparently suspended high up in the void behind a stirring, shimmering veil of silvery blue gauze that seemed at times to stir and float in the breeze which fanned us slowly along. The peace of that enchanting forenoon was so profound, so untroubled, that it seemed that every word pronounced loudly on our deck would penetrate to the very heart of that infinite mystery born from the conjunction of water and sky. We did not raise our voices. "A water-logged derelict, I think, sir," said quietly the second officer, coming down from aloft with the binoculars in their case slung across his shoulders; and our captain, without a word, signed to the helmsman to steer for the black speck. Presently we made out a low jagged stump sticking up forward—all that remained of her departed masts.

The captain was expatiating in a low conversational tone to the chief mate upon the danger of these derelicts and upon his dread of coming upon them at night, when suddenly a man forward screamed out, "There's people on board of her, sir. I see them!" in a most extraordinary voice, a voice never heard before on our

ship, the amazing voice of a stranger. It gave the signal for a sudden tumult of shouts. The watch below ran up the forecastle head in a body; the cook dashed out of the galley. Everybody saw the poor fellows now! They were there! And all at once our ship, which had the well-earned name of being without a rival for speed in light winds, seemed to have lost the power of motion, as if the sea, becoming viscous, had clung to her sides. And yet she moved. Immensity, the inseparable companion of a ship's life, chose that day to breathe upon her as gently as a sleeping child; the clamor of our excitement had died out; and our living ship, famous for never losing steerageway as long as there was air enough to float a feather, stole without a ripple, silent and white as a ghost, toward her mutilated and wounded sister, come upon at the point of death in the sunlit haze of a calm day at sea.

With the binoculars glued to his eyes, the captain said in a quivering tone: "They are waving to us with something aft there." He put down the glasses on the skylight brusquely and began to walk about the poop. "A shirt or a flag," he ejaculated irritably. "Can't make it out. . . . Some dam' rag or other." He took a few more turns on the poop, glancing down over the rail now and then, to see how fast we were moving. His nervous footsteps rang sharply in the quiet of the ship where the other men, all looking the same way, had forgotten themselves in a staring, tense immobility. "This will never do," he cried out suddenly. "Lower both boats at once! Down with them."

Before I jumped into mine, he took me aside—as

being an inexperienced junior—for a word of warning. "You look out as you come alongside that she doesn't take you down with her. You understand?" He murmured this confidentially, so that none of the men at the falls should hear. And I was shocked! Heavens! As if in such an emergency one stopped to think of danger—I exclaimed to myself mentally, in scorn of such cold-blooded caution.

It takes many lessons to make a real seaman, and I got my rebuke at once. My experienced commander seemed, in one searching glance, to read my thoughts on my ingenuous face. "What you're going off for is to save life—not to drown your boat's crew for nothing," he growled severely in my ear. But as we shoved off he leaned over and cried out: "It all rests on the power of your arms, men. Give way for life!"

We made a race of it; and I would never have believed that a common boat's crew of a merchantman could keep up so much determined fierceness in the regular swing of their stroke. What our captain had clearly perceived before we left had become plain to all of us since. The issue of our enterprise hung on a hair above that abyss of waters which will not give up its dead till the day of judgment. It was a race of two ship's boats matched against Death for a prize of nine men's lives; and Death had a long start. We saw the crew of the brig from afar working at the pumps—still pumping on that wreck which already had settled so far down that the gentle low swell, over which our boats rose and fell easily without a check to their speed, welling up almost level with her head rails, plucked at

the ends of broken gear swinging desolately from her naked bowsprit.

We could not, in all conscience, have picked out a better day for our regatta had we had the free choice of all the days that ever dawned upon the lonely struggles and solitary agonies of ships since the Norse rovers first steered to the westward against the run of Atlantic waves. It was a very good race. At the finish there was not an oar's length between the first and second boat, with Death coming in a good third on the top of the very next smooth swell, for all one knew to the contrary. The scuppers of the brig gurgled softly all together as the water rose against her sides, then subsided sleepily with a low wash as if playing about an immovable rock. Her bulwarks were gone fore and aft, and one saw her bare deck low lying like a raft and swept clean of boats, spars, houses—of everything except the ring-bolts and the heads of the pumps. I had the one dismal glimpse of it as I braced myself up to receive upon my breast the last man to leave her, the captain, who literally let himself fall into my arms.

It was a weirdly silent rescue. A rescue without a hail, without a single uttered word, without a gesture or a sign—without a conscious exchange of glances. Up to the very last moment those on board stuck to their pumps, which spouted two clear streams of water upon their bare feet. Their brown skin showed through the rents of their shirts, and the two small bunches of half-naked tattered men went on bowing from the waist to each other in their back-breaking labor, up and down, absorbed, with no time for a glance over the

shoulder at the help that was coming to them. As we dashed unregarded alongside, a voice let out one, only one, hoarse howl of command and then, just as they stood, without caps, with the salt drying gray in the wrinkles and folds of their hairy, haggard faces, blinking stupidly at us their red eyelids, they made a bolt away from the handles, tottering and jostling against each other, and positively flung themselves over upon our very heads. The clatter they made tumbling among us in the boat had an extraordinarily destructive effect upon the illusion of tragic dignity our self-esteem had thrown over the contests of mankind with the sea. On that exquisite day of gently breathing peace and veiled sunshine perished my romantic devotion to what men's imagination had proclaimed the most august aspect of nature. The cynical indifference of the sea to the merits of human suffering and courage, laid bare in this ridiculous panic-tainted performance extorted from the dire extremity of nine good and honorable seamen, revolted me. I saw the duplicity of the sea's most tender mood. It was so because it could not help itself, but the awed respect of the early days was gone. I felt ready to smile bitterly at its enchanting charm and glare viciously at its furies. In a moment before we shoved off I had looked coolly at the life of my choice. Its illusions were gone, but its fascinations remained. I had become a seaman at last.

We pulled hard for a quarter of an hour, then lay on our oars, waiting for our ship, that was coming down on us with swelling sails, looking delicately tall

and exquisitely noble through the mist. The captain of the brig, who sat in the stern sheets by my side with his face in his hands, raised his head and began to speak with a sort of somber volubility. They had lost their masts and sprung a leak in a hurricane; drifted for weeks, always at the pumps; met more bad weather; the ships they sighted failed to make them out, the leak gained upon them slowly, and the seas had left them nothing to make a raft of. It was very hard to see ship after ship pass by at a distance "as if everybody had agreed that we must be left to drown," he added. But they went on trying to keep the brig afloat as long as possible, and working the pumps constantly on insufficient food, mostly raw, till "yesterday evening," he continued monotonously, "just as the sun went down, the men's hearts broke."

He made an almost imperceptible pause here, and went on again with exactly the same intonation. "They told me the brig could not be saved and they thought they had done enough for themselves. I said nothing to that. It was true. It was no mutiny. I had nothing to say to them. They lay about aft all night as still as so many dead men. I did not lie down. I kept a lookout. When the first light came I saw your ship at once. I waited for more light; the breeze began to fail on my face. Then I shouted out as loud as I was able, 'Look at that ship!' but only two men got up very slowly and came to me. At first only we three stood alone for a long time watching you coming down to us and feeling the breeze drop to a calm almost; but afterward others, too, rose one after another, and by and by I had all

my crew behind me. So I turned round and said to them that they could see the ship was coming this way, but in this small breeze she may come too late after all, unless we turned to and tried to keep the brig afloat long enough to give you time to save us all. I spoke like that to them, and then I gave the command to man the pumps."

He gave the command and gave the example, too, by going himself to the handles, but it seems that these men did actually hang back for a moment, looking at each other dubiously before they followed him. "He! He! He!" He broke out into a most unexpected, imbecile, pathetic, nervous little giggle. "Their hearts were broken so! They had been played with too long," he explained apologetically, lowering his eyes, and became silent.

Twenty-five years is a long time. A quarter of a century is a dim and distant past; but to this day I remember the dark brown feet, hands, and faces of two of these men whose hearts had been broken by the sea. They were lying very still on their sides, on the bottom boards between the thwarts, curled up like dogs. My boat's crew, leaning over the looms of their oars, stared and listened as if at play. The master of the brig looked up suddenly to ask me what day it was.

They had lost the date. When I told him it was Sunday, the 22d, he frowned, making some mental calculation, then nodded twice sadly to himself, staring at nothing.

His aspect was miserably unkempt and wildly sorrowful. Had it not been for the unquenchable candor

of his blue eyes, whose unhappy tired glance every moment sought his abandoned sinking brig, as if it could find rest nowhere else, he would have appeared mad. But he was too simple to go mad, too simple with that manly simplicity which alone can bear men unscathed in mind and body through an encounter with the deadly playfulness of the sea, or with its less abominable fury.

Neither angry, nor playful, nor smiling, it enveloped our distant ship, growing bigger as she neared us, our boats with the rescued men, and the dismantled hull of the brig we were leaving behind, in the large and placid embrace of its quietness, half-lost in the fair haze as if in a dream of infinite and faithful clemency. There was no frown, no wrinkle on its face. Not a ripple. And the run of the slight swell was so smooth that it resembled the graceful undulation of a piece of shimmering gray silk shot with tender green. We pulled an easy stroke, but when the master of the brig, after a glance over his shoulder, stood up with a low exclamation, my men feathered their oars instinctively, without an order, and the boat lost her way.

He was steadying himself on my shoulder with a strong grip, while his other arm, flung up rigidly, pointed a denunciatory finger at the immense tranquillity of the ocean. After his first exclamation, which stopped the swing of our oars, he made no sound, but his whole attitude seemed to cry out an indignant "Behold!" . . . I could not imagine what vision of evil had come to him. I was startled, and the amazing energy of his immobilized gesture made my heart

beat faster with the anticipation of something monstrous and unsuspected. The stillness around us became crushing.

For a moment the succession of silky undulations ran on innocently. I saw each of them swell up the misty line of the horizon, far, far away, beyond the derelict brig, and the next moment, with a slight friendly toss at our boat, it had passed under us and was gone. The lulling cadence of the rise and fall, the invariable gentleness of this irresistible force, the great charm of the deep waters warmed my breast deliciously, like the subtle poison of a love potion. But all this lasted only a few soothing seconds before I jumped up, too, making the boat roll like the veriest landlubber.

Something startling, mysterious, hastily confused was taking place. I watched it with incredulous and fascinated awe as one watches the confused swift movements of some violence done in the dark. As if, at a given signal, the run of the smooth undulations seemed checked suddenly around the brig. By a strange optical delusion the whole sea appeared to rise in one great, steely gray heave of its silky surface upon which, in one spot, a smother of foam broke out ferociously. And then the effort subsided. It was all over, and the smooth swell ran on as before from the horizon in uninterrupted cadence of motion, passing us with a slight friendly toss of our boat. Far away, where the brig had been, an angry white stain, undulating on the surface of steely gray waters shot with gleams of green, diminished swiftly, without a hiss, like a patch of pure snow melting in the sun. And the great stillness, after

this initiation into the sea's implacable hate, seemed full of dread thoughts and shadows of disaster.

"Gone!" ejaculated from the depths of his chest my bowman in a final tone. He spat in his hands and took a better grip on his oar. The captain of the brig lowered his rigid arm slowly and looked at our faces in a solemnly conscious silence, which called upon us to share in his simple-minded, marveling awe. All at once he sat down by my side, and leaned forward earnestly at my boat's crew, who, swinging together in a long, steady stroke, kept their eyes fixed upon him faithfully.

"No ship could have done so well." He addressed them firmly, after a moment of strained silence during which he seemed with trembling lips to seek for words fit to bear such high testimony. "She was small but she was good. I had no anxiety. She was strong. Last voyage I had my wife and two children in her. No other ship could have stood so long the weather she had to live through for days and days before we got dismasted a fortnight ago. She was fairly worn out and that's all. You may believe me. She lasted under us for days and days, but she could not last forever. It was long enough. I am glad it is over. No better ship was ever left to sink at sea on such a day as this."

He was very fit to pronounce the funeral oration of a ship, this son of ancient sea folk, whose national existence, so little stained by the excesses of manly virtues, had demanded nothing but the merest foothold from the earth. By the merits of his sea-wise forefathers and by the artlessness of his heart, he was made

fit to deliver this excellent discourse. There was nothing wanting in its orderly arrangement, neither piety, nor faith, nor the tribute of praise due to the worthy dead with the edifying recital of their achievement. She had lived, he had loved her, she had suffered, and he was glad she was at rest. It was an excellent discourse. And it was orthodox, too, in its fidelity to the cardinal article of the seaman's faith of which it was a single-minded confession. "Ships are all right." They are. They who live with the sea have got to hold by that creed first and last; and it came to me, as I glanced at him sideways, that some men were not altogether unworthy in honor and conscience to pronounce the funereal eulogium of a ship's constancy in life and death.

After this, sitting by my side with his loosely clasped hands hanging between his knees, he uttered no word, made no movement till the shadow of our ship's sails fell on the boat, when, at the loud cheer greeting the return of the victors with their prize, he lifted up his troubled face with a faint smile of pathetic indulgence. This smile of the worthy descendant of the most ancient sea folk, whose audacity and hardihood had left no trace of greatness and glory upon the waters, completed the cycle of my initiation. There was an infinite depth of hereditary wisdom in its pitying sadness. It made the hearty bursts of cheering sound like a childish noise of triumph. They cheered with immense confidence—honest souls! As if anybody could ever make sure of having prevailed against the sea which has betrayed so many ships of great "name,"

so many proud men, so many towering ambitions of fame, power, wealth—greatness.

As I brought the boat under the falls, my captain, in high good humor, leaned over, spreading his red and freckled elbows on the rail, and called down to me, sarcastically, out of the depths of his cynic philosopher's beard:

"So you have brought the boat back after all, have you?"

Sarcasm was "his way," and the most that can be said for it is that it was natural. That did not make it lovable. But it is decorous and expedient to fall in with one's commander's way. "Yes. I brought the boat back all right, sir," I answered. And the good man believed me. It was not for him to discern upon me the marks of my recent initiation. And yet I was not exactly the same youngster who had taken the boat away—all impatience for a race against Death with the prize of nine men's lives at the end.

Already I looked with other eyes upon the sea. I knew it capable of betraying the generous ardor of youth as implacably as, indifferent to evil and good, it would have betrayed the basest greed or the noblest heroism. My conception of its magnanimous greatness was gone. And I looked upon the true sea, the sea that plays with men until their hearts are broken, and wears out ships to death. Nothing can touch the brooding bitterness of its heart. Open to all and faithful to none, it exercises its fascination for the betrayal of the best. To love it is not well. It knows no bond of plighted troth; no fidelity to misfortune, to long companionship,

to long devotion. But the promise it holds out perpetually is very great; and the only secret of its possession is strength, strength—the jealous sleepless strength of a man guarding a coveted treasure within his gates.

implā′cable: unyielding, unrelenting.—**au′tocrat**: despot, tyrant.—**adulation** (ăd ū-la′ tion): flattery.—**incor′rigible**: not capable of being corrected.—**dole**: share, portion.—**derelict** (dĕr′ e-lĭct): a ship abandoned at sea.—**binoculars** (bĭn-oc′ u-lars): a double-barreled glass, whether field glass, opera glass, telescope or microscope.—**forecastle head**: a short upper deck forward.—**galley**: the ship's kitchen.—**viscous** (vĭs′kŭs): adhesive, or sticky.—**poop**: a raised deck above the after part of a vessel.—**scŭpper**: scupper hose, a pipe attached to the mouth of the openings cut in the bulwarks of the ship on the outside to prevent water from entering.—**cynical** (sin′ĭkal): scoffing, doubting.—**thwart**: a seat in an open boat, running across the boat from side to side.—**denun′ciatory** (dē nŭn′ shĭ ȧ tō rў): accusing, threatening.—**car′dinal**: chief, principal.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Tell the story of the rescue of the nine men.
2. Give the experiences of the shipwrecked sailors as told by the master of the lost brig to the young sailor.
3. How did this incident change the thoughts of the young sailor towards the sea? Why?

TO A SKYLARK

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Percy Bysshe Shelley, though a fellow-spirit of Byron and Keats, had, probably, a greater intellect than either of the others possessed. The descendant of old English stock, he studied at Eton and Oxford, which expelled him because of some radical religious views he expressed. But though he had a great mind, as well as poetic gifts, Shelley was undisciplined and unconventional in his personal life. He held radical political and social opinions, and never hesitated to express them. What is more, he boldly carried out his own ideas, however startling, and in this way became involved in serious and embarrassing difficulties. He left England and went to Italy, that haven which attracted so many poets, where he moved from city to city. On a voyage

from Leghorn to Spezzia, in 1822, when he was only thirty years old, his ship was wrecked, and he was drowned. His grave is near that of Keats, in Rome.

It is hard to name Shelley's greatest poems, but among them are, *Prometheus Unbound, The Cenci, The Revolt of Islam, Epipsychidion,* and *Adonais,* the last an affectionate tribute to his friend Keats, which is one of the two or three finest elegiac poems in English. In all these poems he reaches the highest point of poetic expression and of lofty thought, and it is with great justice that he is often called "the poet of poets." The scope of his imagination and the picturesqueness of his language are unsurpassed. His own poems best illustrate his definition of poetry as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds," and, among his shorter pieces, none is more exquisite and original than *To a Skylark.* The European skylark, or lark of the poets, is of a brown mottled color, and is celebrated for its clear melodious song, uttered as it rises and descends almost perpendicularly in the air.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert—
That from Heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel—that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
By its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

blithe: gay, merry. — **unpremeditated**: not previously deliberated spontaneous.—**unbodied**: freed from the body.—**vernal**: pertaining to or appearing in the spring.—**sprite**: spirit.—**hymeneal** (hī′ mē-nē′ al): of or pertaining to marriage.—**languor**: listlessness, weariness.—**satiety** (sȧ-tī′-ē-tў): excess of gratification to a point where enjoyment has ceased.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Do you think it would be possible successfully to transpose this poem and express its meaning in prose? Explain your answer fully.
2. Explain the expressions:

"Silver sphere."
"Heavy wingèd thieves."
"Harmonious madness."

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM

By Edgar Allan Poe

Edgar Allan Poe, one of the most original geniuses among American writers, had a wayward and undisciplined life which did not allow the full development of his abilities. He inherited a roving disposition from his father, an actor, and losing both parents at an early age, was adopted by Mrs. John Allan, the wife of a business man of Virginia, which he always considered his home, so far as he can be said to have ever had a home, although he had been born in Boston. Before attending the University of Virginia, where he had a rather riotous career, he studied as a boy in England. He was too unsteady in his habits to stay long in college, and his adopted father took him into his business, but Poe escaped from his irksome duties to Boston, where his first volume of verse was published. He next served two years in the army, from which he received an honorable discharge. This brought about a reconciliation with Mr. Allan, who procured an appointment for him to West Point. But at the military academy, Poe's reckless habits reasserted themselves, and he was dismissed. The rest of his life, spent in great poverty and anxiety, he lived in Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia and New York, and after eking out an unhappy existence, which was made more miserable by his unstable temperament and his many excesses, he died when he was forty years old, in 1849.

During his seasons of activity, Poe was an indefatigable worker, producing poems, stories, and criticism which have a permanent place in American literature. *The Raven, The Bells,* and *Ulalume* have the impress of his strange personality. As a critic, no one more justly and sanely estimated the merits of leading American authors. But probably his most enduring fame rests upon his short stories, as a writer of which his name is among the world's masters.

Part I

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but about three years past there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man, or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of, and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a very old man, but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know, I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to be within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky, while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned, and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye."

"We are now," he continued, in that particularizing manner which distinguished him—"we are now close upon the Norwegian coast, in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, in the great province of Nordland, and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel giddy—so, and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land arose another of smaller size,

hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross-dashing of water in every direction, as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians, Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Iflesen, Hoeyholm, Kieldholm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off, between Moskoe and Vurrgh, are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Skarholm. These are the true names of the places, but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the

same moment I perceived that what seamen term the "chopping" character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed, to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion, heaving, boiling, hissing, gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a

smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length, to the old man—"this can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary account of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence, or of the horror of the scene; or of the wild, bewildering sense of the novel which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the

depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, toward Ver [Vurrgh], this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts; the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beaten to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were carried within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine trees, after being

absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea, it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the center of the Moskoe-ström must be unmeasurably great; and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the side-long glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing that the largest ships of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempt to account for the phenomenon, some of which, I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal, now wore a very different and unsat-

isfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe Islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments." These are the words of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Kircher and others imagine that in the center of the channel of the Maelström is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part, the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that, although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As for the former notion, he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with him; for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

tenure: hold, manner of holding.—**Lofoden** (lō-fō′ dĕn): islands near the northwest coast of Norway. There are valuable fisheries there.—**Nubian**: belonging to *Nubia* in eastern Africa.—**Ma're Tenebra'rum**: "Sea of Darkness," the old geographers' name for the Atlantic Ocean.—**deplor'ably**: in a grievous manner.—**discern'ible**: capable of being seen.—**offing**: deep water at a distance from the shore.—**gy'rating**: whirling around.—**vor'tices**: plural of *vortex*, a whirlpool, or an eddy.—**radical**: entire.—**Maelström**: māl′strum.—**circumstan'tial**: abounding with circumstances; minute.—**Norway mile**: 12,182 yards.—**Sexagesima**: the second Sunday before Lent.—**Phlegethon** (flĕj′ē-thŏn): one of the principal rivers of Hades, in which fire flowed instead of water.—**beetling**: overhanging.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM

Part II

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation, the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorages somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming (one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return) and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it) if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents, here to-day and gone to-morrow, which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the ground' (it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather), but we made shift always to run the gantlet of the Moskoe-ström itself

without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps as well as afterward in fishing; but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger; for, after all is said and done, it was a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us, my two brothers and myself, had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and, what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seamen in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off, the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that

ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ringbolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word 'Moskoe-ström!'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough; I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack, but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack, there is some little hope in that,' but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky, as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue, and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness, but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but in some manner which I could not understand the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say 'Listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not too deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her, which appears strange to a landsman, and this is what is called 'riding,' in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose, up, up, as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around, and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead, but no more like the every-day

Moskoe-ström than the whirl, as you see it, is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek, such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth: I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw for yourself, the belt of the surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances, just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indul-

gences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it, a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew around steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over."

run the gantlet: suffer the punishment of the gantlet; to be beaten upon from both sides.—**flush deck**: continuous, unbroken deck from stem to stern.—**batten**: to fasten down with *battens*, long, thin strips of wood.—**counter**: part of a vessel's body below and somewhat forward of the stern.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM

Part III

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds, which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel; that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water, but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept, not with

any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building-timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious, for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me,

but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way, so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters, but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed; that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on

this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me, although I have forgotten the explanation, how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter

struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale, as you see that I did escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström had been.

"It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still

heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to you, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

profound: deep.—**Mussulmans**: Mohammedans.—**inva'riable**: unchanging.

Hints for Interpretation

1. What remarkable power does Poe display in this tale?
2. What effect does the guide's statement that his experience turned his hair white have upon our interest in the story?
3. What relation, if any, do you see between this tale and the previous selection on "The Character of the Sea?"

THANATOPSIS

By William Cullen Bryant

William Cullen Bryant, an American poet and journalist, was born in 1794. It was during a very active life that Bryant wrote his poetry. Before coming to New York, where he spent most of his life, he practised law for ten years in Massachusetts. His journalistic career was, however, the most important part of his life, aside from his poetical achievements. For fifty years, he was editor of the New York *Evening Post,* to which he contributed many vigorous and able articles on contemporary topics. He was one of the most uncompromising foes of slavery, and prominently identified with many movements for civic betterment. During his busy career, he found time to write, besides his poetry, many essays and volumes of travel, and also published scholarly translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey.* He was also in great demand as a public speaker, being called upon to deliver many obituary and commemorative addresses, in which he was very happy. He died suddenly in New York in 1878, after one of these addresses.

Bryant's famous poem, *Thanatopsis,* which is here reproduced, was written when he was only seventeen. This poem, which is one of the most original ever written by an American, is marked by a feeling of close communion with nature, which Bryant understood with a thoroughly intelligent appreciation. He is excellent as the portrayer and interpreter of American scenery, bearing considerable resemblance, in this respect, to Whittier. There is a good deal of similarity between this poem and Gray's *Elegy.* In both, the themes are somewhat the same, nature and death, and in both they receive a rather parallel treatment.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild

And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Thanatopsis: derived from two Greek words, meaning a view of death. —**Barcan**: Barca, a desert region in the north of Africa.

Hints for Interpretation

1. What is the basis of the serene attitude toward death embodied in this poem?
2. Does the poet derive greater consolation from his feeling of a perfect harmony with nature, or from the fact that all his fellowmen, humanity as a whole, will share his individual destiny?
3. What English or American poet does Bryant most closely resemble in his feeling of intimate communion with nature?
4. Explain the following expressions:

"the complaining brooks."
"Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."
"the sad abodes of death."
"the innumerable caravan."

LEARNING TO WRITE

By Benjamin Franklin

Benjamin Franklin, one of the most interesting figures in American history, was born in 1706, and died in 1790. The fifteenth of seventeen children, he had an independent spirit which made him quite capable of looking out for himself when thrown upon his own resources, and it was through sheer ability and perseverance that he rose to be one of the leading men of his time. He was self-educated, and during his struggles as a youth acquired a practical wisdom which he set forth in the now classic *Poor Richard's Almanac.* Always public spirited, he held many posts of honor, and during the revolution, as his country's representative in France, did as much as any American to secure for the new republic European recognition and prestige. With his famous kite experiment, which showed the identity of electricity and lightning, Franklin became known as a scientist, and was officially recognized by the leading British universities and learned societies. Besides this, Franklin founded the University of Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Public Library, and *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Franklin as a writer is best known by his *Autobiography,* which is one of the most characteristic and fascinating of all American books. He has a style which, though laboriously acquired, as the accompanying selection describes, is fluent and pleasing, and lighted every now and then by flashes of a fertile wit. The actual story of his life, which he tells so well, is in itself one of the most inspiring in our annals, and every American should read it.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and

spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts and perhaps enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words, and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I owed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator." It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I dis-

covered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship, which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which, indeed, I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it.

confuting: overthrowing, disproving.—**disputatious**: inclined to dispute, to argue.—**pointing**: punctuating.—**perspicu'ity**: clearness.—**Spectator**: the name of a daily paper written by Addison and Steele in the early part of the 18th century.—**import**: meaning.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Why does Franklin say the "disputatious turn" is a bad habit? Do you agree with him?
2. What method did he use to improve his writing?
3. Why does Franklin say making rhymes is an aid in learning how to write?

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT CHURCH

By Joseph Addison

Joseph Addison, one of the most graceful and pleasing of early English poets and essayists, was born in 1672, and was educated at Oxford. After a lengthy tour of Europe, a thing which was considered indispensable to complete the education of any cultured man of his day, Addison became involved in English politics, and held many public offices, rising to the position of Secretary of State. But though he was a person of some note in public life, he was far more prominent by reason of his writings, which are thoroughly representative of a certain age in literature.

Addison's literary activity was largely as a contributor to the periodicals of his day. He became most famous through *The Spectator,* a paper which appeared for several years as a daily and a tri-weekly, and in which he published the famous *Sir Roger de Coverley* sketches, of which the following is a typical specimen. Addison's essays are marked by an elegance and a grace which are peculiarly characteristic of a certain phase of English literature, a phase of which Addison is the best model and stylist. Addison also wrote a drama, *Cato,* which in his day was considered as good as anything Shakespeare had done, although this judgment has not proved prophetic. The place Addison holds in English literature is as the master of an elegant and easy style, and as one of the most successful portrayers of the genteel life and manners of his time.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular, and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a

hassock and a Common Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and, indeed, outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circum-

stances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching

at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers, while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year, and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

hassock: a small stuffed cushion or footstool, for kneeling on in church.—**chancel**: that part of a church where the altar or communion table is placed.—**reprimand**: reproof, severe blame.—**flitch of bacon**: side of bacon.—**tithe-stealers**: a tithe is the tenth part of the profits of land and stock, allotted to the clergy for their support, or devoted to religious or charitable uses. Tithe-stealer, one who withholds this offering from the church.—**insinuates**: hints, suggests indirectly, intimates.

THE SNOW STORM

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson, "the Sage of Concord," and one of the greatest of American thinkers and poets, was a typical son of New England. A descendant of several generations of clergymen, he was born in 1803, and studied at Harvard. He entered the ministry, but on account of that freedom of thought which he cherished above all else, his career as a regular minister was short, and he resigned from his church in Boston, although occasionally he preached even after that. From 1835 to 1882, the year of his death, Emerson's home was in Concord, Mass.

Above all else Emerson was, in Matthew Arnold's language, "the friend and guide of those who would live by the spirit." He preached spontaneity, sincerity, truth, and liberty, investing these ancient terms with new and rich meanings. He delivered many public lectures, but was mostly widely known by his essays, which were greeted with enthusiasm, not only here but abroad, as the thought of a profound and highly original thinker. His poems, too, though of unequal excellence, were often marked by a strange elevation of thought and much beauty of expression

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer

Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work:
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

trumpets of the sky: winds.—**in a tumultuous privacy of storm**: shut in because of the violent storm.—**artif'icer**: artistic worker, builder.—**myriad-handed**: myriad, ten thousand; many-handed.—**Pārian**: the name given a beautiful marble found in the island of Paros.—**maugre** (mâ'-gẽr): in spite of.

HINT FOR INTERPRETATION

1. Explain the lines:

"Come see the north wind's masonry."

"The frolic architecture of the snow."

SILAS MARNER AND EPPIE

By George Eliot

Mary Ann Evans, one of the leading English novelists, who adopted the name of George Eliot the better to succeed as a writer, was born on a farm in Warwickshire, England, in 1819, and died in 1880. From her early youth, she read widely and thought deeply, and always was a person of decided convictions. She possessed a strong moral sense which she infused into all her writings, and was pre-eminently one of those austere geniuses, like Carlyle, to whom the world is a battlefield of moral purposes, and where strict devotion to duty is the only road to happiness.

Her first great book was *Adam Bede,* and this gave her not only an English, but a European reputation. Other books followed at short intervals—*The Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner,* and *Romola,* which some critics regard as her masterpiece. In all these books, George Eliot revealed her searching knowledge of human nature, and her analysis of character is one of the most profound in English fiction. She portrayed faithfully the life of the middle class people of her day, and no one excelled her in understanding the narrowly confined, petty conditions of country life, an ability best displayed in *Middlemarch,* her last great book.

The following extract is taken from *Silas Marner:* Silas Marner was a weaver in the village of Raveloe, who had led a solitary life ever since he came to the place as an unknown young man many years before. One day Marner, who had become a miser, returned home to find his hoard of money stolen. Soon after the robbery of his money, a little child, all alone, wandered to his house, and it was found that a woman, who was apparently her mother, had perished in the cold and snow.

Silas Marner's determination to keep the "tramp's child" was matter of hardly less surprise and iterated talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling toward him which dated from his

misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially among the women. Notable mothers, who knew what it was to keep children "whole and sweet"; lazy mothers, who knew what it was to be interrupted in folding their arms and scratching their elbows by the mischievous propensities of children just firm on their legs, were equally interested in conjecturing how a lone man would manage with a two-year-old child on his hands, and were equally ready with their suggestions: the notable chiefly telling him what he had better do, and the lazy ones being emphatic in telling him what he would never be able to do.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighborly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction. Silas had shown her the half guinea given to him by Godfrey, and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

"Eh, Master Marner," said Dolly, "there's no call to buy, no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it's ill spending the money on them baby clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will."

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with

soap and water, from which Baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of "gug-gug-gug," and "mammy." The "mammy" was not a cry of need or uneasiness; Baby had been used to utter it without expecting either tender sound or touch to follow.

"Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's Them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?"

"Yes," said Silas meditatively. "Yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

He had not mentioned to any one his unconsciousness of the child's entrance, shrinking from questions which might lead to the fact he himself suspected—namely, that he had been in one of his trances.

"Ah," said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think

you're in the right on it to keep the little un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you, though there's folks as thinks different. You'll happen be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you; I've a bit o' time to spare most days, for when one gets up betimes i' the morning, the clock seems to stan' still tow'rt ten, afore it's time to go about the victual. So, as I say, I'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome."

"Thank you . . . kindly," said Silas, hesitating a little. "I'll be glad if you'll tell me things. But," he added uneasily, leaning forward to look at Baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eyeing him contentedly from a distance, "but I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house —I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly gently. "I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children. The men are awk'ard and contrairy mostly, God help 'em—but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible, though they're bad for leeching and bandaging—so fiery and unpatient. You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt, and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon Baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I'll be bound. Go, then; take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling, with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him that if he had tried to give them utterance, he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold—that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching, interrupted, of course, by Baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievouser every day—she will, bless her. It's lucky as you've got that high hearth i'stead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach; but if you've got anything as can be spilt or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last—"tie her with a good long strip o' something."

"Well, mayhap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are, for I've had four—four I've had, God knows—and if you was to take and tie

'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they was alive. Eh, if it wasn't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless 'em, I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little gell; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough."

"But she'll be *my* little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she had determined beforehand to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folks's children, and take her to church, and let her learn her catechise, as my little Aaron can say off—the 'I believe,' and everything, and 'hurt nobody by word or deed'—as well as if he was the clerk. That's what you must do, Master Marner, if you'd do the right thing by the orphin child."

Marner's pale face flushed suddenly under a new anxiety. His mind was too busy trying to give some definite bearing to Dolly's words for him to think of answering her.

"And it's my belief," she went on, "as the poor little creature has never been christened, and it's nothing but right as the parson should be spoke to; and if you was noways unwilling, I'd talk to Mr. Macey about it this very day. For if the child ever went any-

ways wrong, and you hadn't done your part by it, Master Marner—'noculation, and everything to save it from harm—it 'ud be a thorn i' your bed forever o' this side the grave; and I can't think as it 'ud be easy lying down for anybody when they'd got to another world, if they hadn't done their part by the helpless children as come wi'out their own asking."

Dolly herself was disposed to be silent for some time now, for she had spoken from the depths of her own simple belief, and was much concerned to know whether her words would produce the desired effect on Silas. He was puzzled and anxious, for Dolly's word "christened" conveyed no distinct meaning to him. He had only heard of baptism, and had only seen the baptism of grown-up men and women.

"What is it as you mean by 'christened'?" he said at last timidly. "Won't folks be good to her without it?"

"Dear, dear! Master Marner," said Dolly, with gentle distress and compassion. "Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?"

"Yes," said Silas, in a low voice; "I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But your ways are different; my country was a good way off." He paused a few moments, and then added, more decidedly, "But I want to do everything as can be done for the child. And whatever's right for it i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good, I'll act according, if you'll tell me."

"Well, then, Master Marner," said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, "I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened."

"My mother's name was Hephzibah," said Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

"Eh, that's a hard name," said Dolly. "I partly think it isn't a christened name."

"It's a Bible name," said Silas, old ideas recurring.

"Then I've no call to speak again' it," said Dolly, rather startled by Silas's knowledge on this head; "but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for he's very sharp, God help him. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner?"

"We called her Eppie," said Silas.

"Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier. And so I'll go now, Master Marner, and I'll speak about the christening afore dark; and I wish you the best o' luck, and it's my belief as it'll come to you, if you do what's right by the orphin child; and there's the 'noculation to be seen to; and as to washing its bits o' things, you need look to nobody but me, for I can do 'em wi' one hand when I've got my suds about. Eh, the blessed angil! You'll let me bring my Aaron one o' these days, and he'll show her his little cart as his father's made for him, and the black-and-white pup as he's got a-rearing."

Baby *was* christened, the rector deciding that a double baptism was the lesser risk to incur; and on this occasion Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within the church, and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbors. He was quite unable, by means of anything he heard or saw, to identify the Raveloe religion with his old faith; if he could at any time in his previous life have done so, it must have been by the aid of a strong feeling ready to vibrate with sympathy rather than by a comparison of phrases and ideas; and now for long years that feeling had been dormant. He had no distinct idea about the baptism and the church-going, except that Dolly had said it was for the good of the child; and in this way, as the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshiped in close-locked solitude—which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones—Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements; making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing toward the same blank limit—carried

them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her; and made him look for images of that time in the ties and charities that bound together the families of his neighbors. The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter-flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warming him into joy because *she* had joy.

And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny midday, or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favorite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling "Dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird-note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again: so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph. Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look

for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit.

As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory; as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupefied in a cold, narrow prison, was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness.

It was an influence which must gather force with every new year: the tones that stirred Silas's heart grew articulate, and called for more distinct answers; shapes and sounds grew clearer for Eppie's eyes and ears, and there was more that "Dad-dad" was imperatively required to notice and account for. Also, by the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him that punishment was good for Eppie, and that as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little in soft and safe places now and then, it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly meditatively; "you might shut her up once i' the coal-hole. That was what I did wi' Aaron; for I was that silly wi' the youngest

lad as I could never bear to smack him. Not as I could find i' my heart to let him stay i' the coal-hole more nor a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one of 'em you must choose—ayther smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful, there'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but his force of mind failed before the only two penal methods open to him, not only because it was painful to him to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it. Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small, tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favored mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in " setting up " a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. The scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of

them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the unenclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanor must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round

the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed visions to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope toward a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes; "naughty to cut with the scissors, and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black, naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future; though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas, having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole!"

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. "She'd take it all for fun," he observed to Dolly, "if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of."

"Well, that's partly true, Master Marner," said Dolly sympathetically; "and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em; it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is."

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farm-houses, unwilling to leave her behind at Dolly Winthrop's, who was always ready to take care of her; and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest at several outlying homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been treated very much as if he had been a useful gnome or brownie—a queer and unaccountable creature, who must necessarily be looked at with wondering curiosity, and repulsion, and with whom one would be glad to make all greetings and bargains as brief as possible, but who must be dealt with in a propitiatory way, and occasionally have a present of pork or garden-stuff to carry home with

him, seeing that without him there was no getting the yarn woven. But now Silas met with open, smiling faces and cheerful questioning, as a person whose satisfactions and difficulties could be understood. Everywhere he must sit a little and talk about the child, and words of interest were always ready for him: "Ah, Master Marner, you'll be lucky if she takes the measles soon and easy!"—or, "Why, there isn't many lone men 'ud ha' been wishing to take up with a little un like that; but I reckon the weaving makes you handier than men as do outdoor work; you're partly as handy as a woman, for weaving comes next to spinning." Elderly masters and mistresses, seated observantly in large kitchen armchairs, shook their heads over the difficulties attendant on rearing children, felt Eppie's round arms and legs, and pronounced them remarkably firm, and told Silas that, if she turned out well (which, however, there was no telling), it would be a fine thing for him to have a steady lass to do for him when he got helpless. Servant maidens were fond of carrying her out to look at the hens and chickens, or to see if any cherries could be shaken down in the orchard; and the small boys and girls approached her slowly, with cautious movement and steady gaze, like little dogs face to face with one of their own kind, till attraction had reached the point at which the soft lips were put out for a kiss. No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that

blent them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones to the red lady-birds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie: she must have everything that was a good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, wherewith he could have no communion; as some man who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil thinks of the rain, and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold; the coins he earned afterward seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to arise again at the touch of the newly earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing impulse to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction:

a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

iterated: repeated.—**scrat**: a provincial form of *scratch*.—**fend**: provide (also provincial).—**happen**: perhaps.—**moithered**: perplexed, bothered.—**leeching**: doctoring.—**docilely**: with willingness to be taught.—**ringing the pigs**: putting rings in their snouts to keep them from rooting.—**'noculation** (inoculation): what is meant is *vaccination*.—**articulate**: clear, distinct.—**colly**: blacken: as if with coal.—**truckle bed**: a low bed on wheels, that may be pushed under another bed.—**requisition**: demand.—**descrying**: discovering, detecting.—**aberration**: deviation or wandering from natural truth or rectitude.—**efficacy**: power to produce effects.—**vicariously**: performed or suffered in the place of another.—**gnome** (nōm): dwarf.—**brownie**: an imaginary good-natured spirit, who was supposed to do important services around the house at night, such as sweeping and cleaning.—**propitiatory**: conciliatory, tending to gain the good will or favor of.—**nursling**: one who, or that which, is nursed.—**irrelevant**: not pertinent or applicable; extraneous.

Hints for Interpretation

1. Do you think it was natural for a lonely miser to grow so fond of a little child as to want to bring her up?
2. What was there about the way Dolly helped Marner in the care of Eppie which made her assistance so welcome?
3. If Eppie had come to Silas before his money was stolen, what do you think he would have done?
4. Was Marner's influence upon Eppie as wholesome as hers upon him?
5. Describe how Marner's devotion to Eppie gradually but completely changed his nature.

CROSSING THE BAR

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

This poem was written when Tennyson was 81 years old. It is his expression of Faith. He asked his son to see that it was placed last in all editions of his poems.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

bourne: boundary.

Hint for Interpretation

1. Work out the figure of speech used throughout the poem.

[redacted]

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